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THIS WORLD.

This world is a sad, sad place, I know—
And what soul living can doubt it?
But it will not lessen the want and woe
To be always singing about it;
Then away with songs that are full of tears,
Away with dirges that sadden;
Let us make the most of our fleeting years,
By singing the lays that gladden.

A few sweet portions of bliss I've quaffed,
And many a cup of sorrow;
But in thinking of the flavored draught,
The old time joy I borrow,
And in brooding over the bitter drink,
Pain fills again the measure;
And so I have learned that 'tis better to think
Of the things that gives us pleasure.

The world at its saddest is not all sad;
There are days of sunny weather;
And the people within it are not all bad,
But saints and sinners together.
I think those wonderful hours of June
Are better far to remember,
Than those when the earth is out of tune
In the cold bleak winds of November.

Because we meet in the walks of life
Many a selfish creature,
It doesn't prove that this world of strife
Has no redeeming feature.
There is bloom of beauty upon this earth;
There are bonds and blossoming flowers;
There are souls of truth and hearts of worth;
There are golden glowing hours.

In thinking over a joy we've known
We easily make it double;
Which is better by far than to mope and moan
O'er sorrow and grief and trouble;
For though this world is sad, we know—
And who that is living can doubt it?—
It will not lessen the want and woe
To be always singing about it.

A TERRIBLE FIFTY MINUTES.

In August, 1858, I arrived at Chamounix with one of my friends, a traveler like myself. For about five weeks we had been exploring Switzerland, so that we had plenty of time to get used to the snow and glaciers. We had made several ascents, one to 14,000 feet. I well remember the sensation I felt when I first saw one of those crevasses which seem the surface of the glaciers. Holding firmly by my guide's hand, I leaned over that yawning gulf, and tried to gaze down into its terrible depth. The two perpendicular walls of ice appeared to meet some three hundred feet below, but I believed that it was only the effect of perspective, the rent being probably as far as the solid rock.

"A man who falls there is certain never to come out alive," said one of my guides.

"True," replied the other, "but I knew one who was rescued. A narrow escape indeed it was; he still lives at Grindlewald. He is a chamois hunter; was returning home, and in descending the crevasse, his fall was broken by projecting blocks of ice, which yielded, however, against his weight, when he clung to them. When he reached the bottom, a distance of some hundred feet, he had a leg and arm broken. Between the earth and the ice he found a hollow place into which a stream was running; crawling along, suffering terrible pain, he followed the course of the water, and in three hours was out of the glacier."

Crevasses vary in breadth from two to six feet at the mouth, the sides approach rapidly as they descend, so that a man may find himself jammed in between two walls of ice a long time before he reaches the bottom, and then, if ropes long and strong enough are at hand, it is possible to save him from death. But generally the ropes are not long enough, and the traveler perishes of cold, or falls down into the crevasses during the hours which elapse while some of the party have gone to the nearest village to fetch longer ropes. Thus an unfortunate Russian nobleman perished in a glacier near Zermatt some years ago.

We had ascended to the Brevent, and we now had only the Mer de Glace and the Jardin to visit. We slept at the Montanvert in the solitary little inn at the foot of the glacier. Next morning we were up at dawn. Furnished with some provisions and two bottles of wine, we started with our guide. It was a splendid morning, and augured well for our excursion. For half an hour we followed a rough path which skirted the Mer de Glace, which displayed below us its surface riven with crevasses and covered with rocks and fragments. Our road ended at the glacier, upon which we now began to descend and traverse in zig-zags in the midst of numerous fissures. The Mer de Glace is not considered dangerous, and it is quite the exception to take axes and ropes when crossing it. Alert and cheerful we hastened on without taking notice of the guide, who, some way behind, cried out to us several times to be cautious and wait for him. We were obliged at last to halt before a vast crevasse which barred upon our passage. It opened with a length of some sixty yards, and ended up our left in a slope of ice, somewhat steep, but which I thought I could easily mount. Using the iron spike of my alpenstock as a hatchet, I began to cut holes in the ice large enough to put my feet in. At this moment our guide rejoined us. He looked at the slope and at the yawning crevasse below it, and said, in a grave tone, "It is dangerous; let us go round it."

With the aid of my alpenstock I had already got half-way up this icy hillock, and was now quite convinced that it was too steep and slippery to be crossed without an axe. The guide's warning confirmed my opinion. I was cautiously lowering my right leg, seeking for the hole I had made in the ice—my foot passed it—and I felt that I was sliding down; there was nothing rough to stop me, not the slightest projection by which I could hold myself. The declivity became perpendicular, and fell into the gulf.

I heard a cry of despair from my companion and my guide. My own sensations cannot be described. I was giddy and half stunned, sent backwards and forwards from one wall of ice to another. I felt myself descending to a great depth, condemned to be dashed to pieces; to die by a horrible death. Suddenly something stopped me; I felt myself suspended. I took breath again, and could cry out, "A rope! a rope!"

By God's mercy I had fallen upon a narrow edge of ice, which formed a sort of bridge across the crevasse. This frail support, as far as I could judge, was about four inches broad and eighteen thick. My head hung from one side of it, my feet from the other. Instinctively and immediately, by what means I know not, I raised myself up and stood upright on this projection, where there was a hollow just large enough to plant one foot.

Then I heard my companion say: "Trust in God and take courage. The guide has run to Montanvert to seek men and ropes. He will come back directly!"

"If he is long," I replied, "I shall not come up alive."

My position was a terrible one. The thin ledge of ice was so narrow that I could not place both feet upon it. I could only support myself on one leg, half resting against one of the ice walls, and pressing the other with my hands. The ice was as smooth as a mirror. There was nothing to grasp. A stream of ice water flowed down on my shoulders, piercing me to the very bones. Above my head I saw the long and narrow streak of the sky, round which the mouth of the crevasse formed a frame. The ice, which was of the darkest blue color, encircling me on all sides, looked threatening and gloomy. The two walls seemed as if they were about to meet in order to crush me, rather than to release their prey. Numerous water courses streamed down their sides, but in the extent of more than sixty yards I could not see any other projection or obstacle except this ledge on which I had so miraculously fallen.

I risked looking, for the second time only, down into the terrible abyss above which I was suspended. At the spot where I was, the crevasse was not more than two feet wide; lower down it narrowed rapidly, and a hundred yards below the two sides appeared to touch each other. I believe if I had fallen but a very few inches on either side from the narrow bridge which had arrested me, I should have been buried and jammed up at a depth where no rope could have reached me. I had remained about twenty minutes in my perilous position, nerves and muscles stretched to the utmost to keep myself there, looking at the sky above my head and at the ice around me, but not daring again to glance into the gulf below. The blood was flowing from a wound I had received in the cheek, and I felt that my right leg, upon which fortunately I was not resting, was severely bruised; the left leg, however, pained by the effort of standing and cold, was beginning to give way. It was impossible to change my position without the risk of losing my balance. The cold of the wall of ice against which I was resting more and more benumbed me, the water continued to fall, and I dared not stir.

I called my companion; no one replied. I called again. Nothing! nothing! Not a human being within reach of my voice! I was seized with giddiness as a terrible thought crossed my brain.

"He is gone to see if help is coming, and he cannot find the crevasse again; there are hundreds of such—I am lost!"

My strength was exhausted. I had never yet given up all hope. I was seized with a desire to let myself fall, and thus put an end to this agony.

At the critical moment, I heard myself called. My friend had run to look for the guide, but when he wished to return he was horror-struck on perceiving that the surface of the glacier was rent by countless crevasses, all so similar that there was not a single sign by which he could recognize the abyss in which I was buried alive. In this cruel perplexity God guided him to see a little knapsack which the guide had left at the edge of the gulf. I cried to him to look at his watch. Five minutes more had elapsed. The cold was becoming more and more intense; the blood was literally freezing in my veins. I called—I asked if there was any one in sight. The guide had started thirty minutes ago, and not a soul had yet appeared. It was scarcely probable that he could return so quickly, as we had taken three-quarters of an hour to get to this spot, and he had to go and return.

I felt that I could hold on but very little longer. The frail support on which my safety alone depended might yield at any moment and break beneath me. I remembered that I had a strong knife in my pocket, and I resolved to make use of it to draw myself out. I informed my companion of this project; but he implored me to do nothing of the kind; but my situation had become intolerable. I made a notch in the ice, high enough for me to reach it, and large enough for me to insert my hand in it; then, about two feet above the little bridge, I dug out a hole sufficiently large for me to put my foot in it. I succeeded, and grasping these two points of support, my back resting with all my strength against the opposite wall, I was able to raise myself and keep myself firm in this position.

I was working diligently at my second step, when I heard a joyous cry above me. "Here they are! Three men with ropes—they are running as fast as their legs can carry them."

I steadied myself as firmly as possible upon the narrow and slippery bridge, so as to be able to seize the rope they were about to lower and tie it around me. I saw the end of it swinging about two yards above my head. "May God have mercy upon me! It is too short!"

"We have another."

That was fastened to the first and let down. I seized the end of it and bound it strongly around my waist, and grasping the rope with both hands, I gave the signal for them to pull up.

They began—I was saved. A minute later I stood upon the glacier. I had passed fifty minutes in the crevasse, during which time I had lost neither my confidence in God nor my presence of mind.

When I placed my foot upon the firm ground again, an overpowering feeling of deep gratitude to the Almighty, who had delivered me in so great a peril, filled my breast. I fell on my knees and fainted. When I again became conscious, our parties were preparing to start for the Montanvert. Before leaving I wished to cast one last look into the crevasse where I had been nearly buried alive. I saw how completely impossible it would have been for me to get out of it as I had projected. The opening at the top was too wide to have allowed me, as I reached it, to lean against the opposite wall, and without that support the most agile of climbing animals would have found it impossible to scale this perpendicular wall of ice.

The guide ran to the inn, where he could not find a single rope suitable for the purpose. In despair he started for Chamounix. When on the way he met two muleteers. Their animals were laden with wood, tied on with ropes, which he implored them to give him to save a poor traveler who had fallen into a crevasse. These good people at once unloaded their mules, and came with the guide to my assistance. Tying them together—there were three—the ropes reached to the depths of thirty to forty yards, where I had been arrested in my fall.

Assisted by my deliverers, I was able to reach Montanvert, where, in a good bed and with my bruises attended to, I had leisure to dream about the danger from which I had escaped, and the remembrance of which often haunts me, both sleeping and waking.

An ingenious individual with a turn for mathematics has found that there is one pig to every one and four-tenths men in the United States. There is nothing singular at all that every man should have a pig, but when four-fifths of a man buys a pig the event becomes a matter of great interest to everybody who strives after a higher civilization. The mind instantly pictures this four-tenths of an individual getting home with that pig, and bucking up against fences, and splashing into mud, and kicking at the animal just enough to miss it, and swing off his balance, and while we have a long array of precedents to show that no whole man ever drove a pig in the right direction, we can well believe that four-tenths of a man wrestling with the animal would afford a spectacle that would be nourishing to the last degree. This, of course, is confidential.—*Danbury News.*

A smart young lady at a social gathering in St. Louis a few evenings since quoted the motto of the temperance girl, "The lips that touch wine shall never touch mine;" to which a beardless wretch replied, "Girls that wear paint ought never to faint, because, you know, they don't look pretty after some officious old lady has thrown water in their faces and it has made little gutters along their cheeks." That bit of smartness sealed the young man's fate. He won't attend the next social.

BULLY FOR DER COUNDRY.

Ven der crass is springing freshly,
Unt der summer dot is come,
Ven der birds beguns to varble.
Und some bees gommence to hum,
Ven derr little Kady-didn's
Dem vas singing on der drees,
Un der bull-toads dem vas jumping,
So lifely like some fleas;

Ven dem caddles dem vas healdy
Und dem frisk und kick und run,
Und bunk von order mit deir horns
Und had such awful fun
Den out indo der coundry
Vas the bulliest blace to be
A tooking some good comford
Benead a shady dree;

Benead some hickory valnud,
Or von of a different kind,
A feelin kind of shleeby
Mit noding on your mind,
A vadching some shmall inseeds
Ven dey're flying on der ving;
Took my adwise und do id vonce—
I bed you id's jused der ding.

Dot's nice to vent ond Ducadays,
Or any oder day,
Und shmok und read der bapers
Too bass der dime avay.
Und vont to get enjoyment,
Und firsd-rade good fresh air,
You musd vent oud in der coundry
Ven der summer dime vas der.

POSTAL CARD JOKES.

That new device of Postmaster General Creswell, the postal cards, went into circulation a short time ago. As they have been somewhat elaborately described in the Washington special dispatches for the last several weeks, it is not necessary to go into particulars here. Besides, nearly everybody has seen them, and knows how to describe them himself. But for a general description it might be said that they are designed for the distribution of intelligence among the masses at one third the usual rate. You can write almost anything you please on a postal card, so that it isn't too long—that is to say, the article that is written. But there are some things which do not read well on a postal card. Take for instance a large boarding-house where the landlady takes care of the mail until the boarders call for it. This sometimes makes the diffusion of intelligence among the masses a trifle too diffuse for comfort. The postman comes to the door with an armful of postal cards. The landlady relieves him of the burden, goes in and sits down and begins to sort them over for the various boarders. Presently she strikes one which reads thus:

St. Louis, May 17.

My Dear Theoph.—Come to night at half past 10. Side gate open. Bull dog chained up in the basement. Light in the window for you.

Yours sweetly, E. B. L.

Landlady turns to the other side of the card. She reads the superscription:

Mr. Theophilus Mufflecheek,
No. 13,975 Hash avenue, City.

Landlady rests her cheek on her left hand and muses *passims*. Landlady *solus*: "Well, now, did I ever? Who'd a thought that Mr. Mufflecheck was that kind of a man? Came here, too, with the highest references from his last place. Pays his board regularly every Saturday at tea. Belongs to our church, too." [Reads again.] "Half-past ten—dear me, and I have always thought he went to bed at half past nine. Bull dog chained up in the basement! Well. I never! I'll keep a little watch of Mr. Mufflecheck. I'll expose him before the church." Then she draws a long sigh, and proceeds with another card: [Reads:]

St. Louis, May 17,

Sir—I have now waited four weeks for the balance on that suit of clothes. I need the money. Must have it Monday.

Yours, Nimbleneedle.

Turns to the superscription and reads:

Mr. J. B. Sunflower,
No. 13,975 Hash avenue, City.

"Well, if ever I heard the like in my life! Mr. Sunflower is such a nice gentleman. And he uses such elegant perfumery. Let me see: he owes for two weeks board. Told me this morning he was expecting a check from home. I must go to his room and see how much baggage he has. Dear me, folks are so unaccountable."

Comes to another. Reads;

My Dear Spriggins—Just deposited four hundred to your credit in the Twelfth National. Draw on me at sight for the balance. Yours. B. W. K.

Turns to the superscription and reads:

J. D. Spriggins, Esq.,
No. 13,975 Hash avenue, City.

Gracious me! How much like Mr. Spriggins' own handwriting that is. Singular that two persons should write so nearly alike. Let me see. Mr. Spriggins told me he expected some money to-day.

Enter Spriggins—"Good afternoon, ma'am."

Landlady—"Here is a postal card for you."

Sprig.—"Oh yes." [Reads to himself.] "That's all right. By the way, madam, have you money enough in the house to cash a fifty dollar check? It's after banking hours and I have just received a telegram from Kansas City, and must go on the night train."

Landlady—"I'll go right away and look in my bureau drawer. I reckon I can accommodate you." [Landlady returns with a roll of bills.]

Sprig.—"Here, I'll just include that three weeks' board in the check, and make seventy-five. Balance will be fifty."

Landlady counts out fifty, which Sprig. thrusts into his vest pocket, goes up stairs, gets his valise and starts to catch the train for Kansas City. Landlady will discover to-morrow that the similarity between Mr. Spriggins handwriting and that of the postal card isn't such a singular circumstance after all.

It only cost Spriggins one cent to raise the wind. These postal cards are an incalculable convenience to the toiling masses.

A VARIATION.

Postman rings at a modest looking mansion on Locust street. Servant girl comes to the door. Postal cards for the master of the house, who has only been married a couple of years. Servant girl delivers the postal cards to young wife. Young wife reads:

St. Louis, May 17th.

Dear Joe—Will be at the corner Twelfth and Pine, hack half-past nine. First class party boys. Be on hand. Half-past nine, sharp. Wake 'em up. O. K.

Young wife lays down the postal cards and elevates her eye brows. Mr. Cresswell's cheap method of diffusing intelligence has let a flood of new light in upon her mind.

Young wife, *solus*—"So this is the club is it? Riding around town in hacks all night with a party of first-class boys. Oh dear, oh dear!" Then she weeps copiously and sighs deeply. She will go home to her mother the very next day. She never was so wronged and outraged in her whole life. Weeps again passionately, and seeks the camphor bottle. Young husband, all unconscious, comes home to supper. Tableau.

ANOTHER.

Postman ambles up the front steps of an imposing mansion at No.—place. Colored boy opens the door and receives postal card addressed to the dignified elderly gentleman who owns the premises, and pretty much all the other premises in that vicinity. Elderly wife sees the postal card. She has never seen one before. She takes it from the colored boy and reads:

St. Louis, May 17.

Mr. ——, Please bring home my *robe de nuit*, and take away that horrid man's night shirt you left.

Mary C.——

At this juncture the elderly lady makes vigorous preparations to swoon, and calls for her maid to bring her a fan and the smelling bottle.

[Elderly lady to waiting maid]:—"Mary, can you read?"

"Yes'm."

"Read what it says on the card, I can't believe my eyes."

Mary reads.

Elder lady goes off in a dead swoon, murmuring incoherently about divorces and alimony.

YET ANOTHER.

The urbane postman halts in front of a pretentious looking three-story edifice, No.— W——n avenue. The head of the family brushes past him and starts up stairs. Postman hands him a package of letters and postal cards. Head of family glances at them and sees one addressed to the wife of his bosom. Turns it over and reads:

St. Louis, May 17.

Dearest—Meet me at half-past seven o'clock this evening, corner Eigth and Olive streets. Please drop a handkerchief for signal. Wear a black veil. Yours till death. B. B.

Husband crushes postal card in the clenched hand. "Ha!" he ejaculates, "this is the way of it, is it? I'll take a hand in the business myself." Then he goes into the house, and resurrects his six-shooter and loads it, and puts fresh caps on it, and at the appointed time may be seen slowly pacing up and down near the corner of Eighth and Olive, watching out for some fellow to drop a handkerchief. The fellow who sent the card as a joke, sidles around the corner, catches a glimpse of the irate husband, chuckles to himself, and leaves for down town. Husband paces up and down until near nine o'clock, when, finding that he was attracting the attention of the police, and the consciousness that he is sold beginning to dawn upon him, he skulks off home by another street, and says nothing to anybody. There is no tableau.

Mr. Cresswell's ingenious but simple device for the cheap diffusion for intelligence is working admirably. Blackmailers, dead beats, and divorce lawyers contemplate the postal cards, and visions of gold harvests shimmer in the sunlight of the grateful imaginations. There is not a particle of doubt that these cards will prove valuable as advertising mediums, and for sending brief messages of a business or social nature which are not confidential. But the avenues to fraud, black-mail and scandal-breeding are too numerous to be compassed within any bonds except the range of a sinful ingenuity.

To get up a scene in any well ordered family, send a mysteriously worded postal card to the master of the house, with the name of a strange woman attached to it. Or vice versa.

to the mistress with a masculine signature. And so on, *ad finitum*.

It is a capital way of playing a capital joke, but there is such a thing as carrying a joke too far.

The *Republican* reporter thinks of sending the following postal card by the next mail:

Hon. J. A. J. Cresswell, Washington, D.C.:

Dear Sir—I think you are the ablest and most statesmanlike, as well as the most affable and courteous gentleman who ever conducted the Postoffice Department.

No Sig.

This will be the hugest practical joke of them all. Everybody will laugh at it and grow fat.

Let the "cheap diffusion of intelligence," or the diffusion of cheap intelligence, go on.—*St. Louis Republican.*

Obituary of a Western Editor.—Ye editor sat in his rickety chair, as worried as worried could be, for ye devil was grinning before him there, and "copy!" ye devil sayed he.

Oh ye editor grabbed his big quill pen, and it sputtered ye ink so free, that his manuscript, like a war map—when "Take this," to the devil spake he.

He scribbled and scratched through the live long day, nor rest or refreshment had he; for the devil kept constantly coming that way, and howling for more "cop-ee."

Day after day he sciesored and wrote, a saying the whole countree; while ye devil kept piping his single note, "A little more outside cop—ee."

And when ye boys in your newsroom hear the sound of unequal fray the voice of a blow and blasphemous word, "He's raisin' the devil!" say they.

And oft when a man with a grievance came in, ye editor man to see, he'd turn his back with a word of sin—"Go talk to ye devil," sayed he.

And ever and oft, when a proof of his work ye proprietor wanted to see, "Ye proof shall be shown by my personal clerk; you must go to the devil," sayed he.

And thus destined through all of his life by this spirit tormented to be in hunger and poverty, sorrow and strife, always close to ye devil was he.

Ye editor died. * * * But ye devil, lived on? And the force of life's habits we see; for ye editor's breath no sooner was gone than strait to ye devil went he.

The Family Hammer.—There is one thing no family pretends to be without. That is a hammer. And yet there is nothing that goes to make up the equipment of a domestic establishment that causes one-half as much agony and profanity as a hammer. It is always an old hammer, with a handle that is inclined to sliver, and always bound to slip. The face is as round as a full moon and as smooth as glass. When it strikes a nail full and square, which it has been known to do, the act will be found to result from a combination of pure accidents.

The family hammer is one of those rare articles we never profit by. When it glides off a nail-head, and mashes down a couple of fingers, we unhesitatingly deposit it in the yard, and observe that we will never use it again. But the blood has scarcely dried on the rag before we are out doors in search of the hammer, and ready to make another trial. The result rarely varies, but we never profit by it. The awful weapon goes on knocking off our nails, and mashing whole joints, and slipping off the handle to the confusion of mantle ornaments, and breaking the commandments, and cutting up all sorts of astounding and unfortunate antics, without let or hindrance.

And yet we put up with it, and put the handle on again, and lay it away where it won't get lost, and do up our mutilated and smarting fingers, and yet if the outrageous thing should happen to get lost, we kick up a regular hullabooloo until it is found again. Talk about the tyrannizing influence of a bad habit! It is not to be compared to the family hammer.

A Stupid Clerk.—The other day a young lady stepped into a dry-goods establishment and inquired of the clerk attending: "Sir, have you any mouse-colored gloves?" "Mouse-colored gloves, miss?" "Yes, a sort of gray, just the color of your drawers," meaning the store drawers, that were painted gray. "My drawers, miss, why I don't wear any." A cab was seen leaving the store a few minutes after with a lady in the corner with a handkerchief up to her face.

A Detroit woman called upon a credulous family in that city the other day, introduced herself and began a conversation. Suddenly she fell out of her chair very sick and feeble, and faintly said that she had no money and could not go to the hospital, and they would have to keep her through the run of the fever. They gave her three dollars to crawl out and try to reach the hospital, and she has a new blue sash now.

Misery loves company, and so does a marriageable young lady.

THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

Ebensburg, Pa.,

Friday, - - - - - June 20, 1873.

COUNTY CONVENTION.

The Democrats of Cambria county are requested to meet at their usual places of holding elections in their several election districts, on SATURDAY, JUNE 21ST, 1873, and elect two Delegates from each district to meet in County Convention, in Ebensburg, on MONDAY, 23D JUNE, to nominate a County Ticket and transact such other business as may be thought advisable for the good of the party.

Elections in the townships to be held between the hours of 2 and 6 o'clock, and in the boroughs between the hours of 3 and 7 o'clock, P. M.

By order of the Executive Committee.

NATHANIEL HORNE, Chairman.

Johnstown, June 4, 1873.

An Increased Legislature.

The Constitutional Convention last week, by the meagre vote of 47 yeas to 28 nays, a little more than *one-half* its number, passed to third reading the following important provisions in reference to the number of Senators and Members of the House:

The state shall be divided into fifty senatorial districts, of compact and contiguous territory, as equal in population as possible; and each district shall be entitled to two or more members by possessing a population exceeding one senatorial ratio and three-fifths of a second ratio; and no county or city shall be entitled to more than one-sixth of the whole number of members.

The house of representatives shall consist of not less than 150 members, to be apportioned and distributed to the different counties in proportion to the population on a ratio of 25,000 inhabitants to each member, except that no county shall have less than one member, and the city of Philadelphia or any county having an excess of three-fifths of said ratio over one or more ratios shall be entitled to an additional member in case the number of 150 members is not reached by the above apportionment, and counties having the largest surplus over one or more ratios shall be entitled to one additional member until the number of 150 members is arrived at.

As soon as this constitution is adopted the legislature shall apportion the state in accordance with the provisions of the two preceding sections. Counties and the city of Philadelphia entitled to more than one member shall be divided into single districts of compact and contiguous territory, as nearly in population as possible; but no township or ward, except in the city of Philadelphia, shall be divided in the formation of a district: *Provided, That in making such apportionment* for the house of representatives in the year 1881, and every ten years thereafter, there shall be added to the ratio five hundred for each increase of seventy-five thousand inhabitants.

This is not a new question, in as much as it has been the subject of discussion for several years. In our judgment, there are serious objections to the proposed increase. It is advocated on the sole ground, that it would be more difficult to corrupt a majority of a Legislature containing two hundred members than a majority of a body of the same kind numbering one hundred and thirty-three. This argument is based on a belief in the total depravity of human nature, and is not without force. Assuming it to be true, still, as the price of members is now cheap with a downward tendency, if the purpose to debauch a Legislature exists, it will be accomplished without regard to numbers, owing to the lively competition which exists at Harrisburg in the trade of buying and selling votes. The increased amount of greenbacks required would not seriously disturb the money market. Does any one suppose, for instance, that mere numbers would affright or terrify a man of the boldness and skill of Peter Herdic? It would only infuse into him renewed energy for the patriotic work.

Whether it is absolutely impossible to prevent the annually recurring corruption of the Legislature, is a disputed question. We do not believe it is, and entertain a hope that biennial sessions and wholesome constitutional restrictions on the powers of the Legislature will result in its general purification. In any event, the remedy for this growing evil is with the people in selecting the men who are to frame our laws. If incompetency, brazen presumption and the low arts of the demagogue become passports to legislative trusts, demoralization and failure will follow. The veiled prophet exclaimed to his willing dupes, "You *would* be victims and you *are*."

Under the proposed increase, this county would be entitled to *two* members of the House when the next census is taken. Is there any possible necessity for that? None whatever that we can comprehend. "Insatiate archer, would not *one* suffice?" The same is true of other counties having an equal population. Besides this, the halls of legislation at Harrisburg would not accommodate fifty Senators and two hundred Members of the House. Must we then have a new capitol for the future solons of the State?

If this project of increasing the numbers of the Senate and House should finally prevail in the convention, we hope *one-third* of its members will insist, as they have a legal right to do, that it shall be submitted as a separate amendment to be voted on by the people, in order that a fair and untrammeled expression of opinion may be had on so important a question.

THE Navy Department has dispatched the *Juniata*, with Commander Greer as its chief officer, to search for the remainder of the crew of the *Polaris*, who remained on board with Captain Buddington when Captain Tyson and his men, who were rescued by the *Tigress*, were compelled by the parting of the ice to leave the former vessel. We hope the *Juniata* will meet with success in her humane mission, but have reasons to fear a very different result.

HON. EDGAR COWAN, who had been elected a delegate at large to the Constitutional Convention to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Franklin B. Gowan, has written a letter to the Convention in which he states that it is impossible for him to accept, and the Democratic delegates at large in the Convention have therefore selected John C. Bullitt, Esq., of Philadelphia, to take the seat vacated by Mr. Gowan.

The Farmers' Party.

A judicial election took place in Illinois a little over two weeks ago, in which two Judges of the Supreme Court and thirty-one Circuit Judges were to be voted for. The Judges of the Supreme Court in that State are elected by districts, and not by general ticket. The returns of the election show that what is known in that and other Western States as the "Farmers' Party" was successful in both the Supreme Court districts, and that it also elected its candidates in a very large majority of the Circuit Court districts.

This "Farmers' Party" in the West has assumed immense proportions, as is evident from the result of this judicial election in Illinois, and foreshadows the speedy dissolution of the radical party in the Western and Northwestern States, soon to become the controlling political power in the country. The farmers' party is composed of "granges," or clubs, and is well organized in every Western and Northwestern State. Its granges or clubs exist in almost every county, and in some of the States its members are said to constitute a majority of the voters. The granges, like the order of Odd Fellows and scores of other organizations of a similar character, conduct their business in secret. They act independently of both the Democratic and Republican parties, as was made manifest in the Illinois election—both the successful candidates for the Supreme bench being Democrats, while the other Judges elected belong to both parties, but at the same time publicly endorse the farmers' movement. The leading and controlling purposes of the farmers' party is opposition to all sorts of monopoly, but especially to the monopoly of the railroad companies in their freight charges for the transportation of grain and other western products to a market. It also demands a reduction of the present high protective tariff and insists upon a repeal of the swindling national banking system now in existence.

In consequence of a decision of the Supreme Court of Illinois in the interest of the railroads of that State, as is alleged, the farmers' party commenced its first onslaught on the judiciary, with the result we have mentioned. The decision of the Court referred to was delivered by Judge Lawrence, and against his re-election all the power of the farmers' granges was brought to bear, and with decided success.

This effort of the Illinois farmers to change the law and to elect no man as a judge who does not sympathize with them, and who will not consent to carry out their peculiar notions on the bench, has met with severe condemnation at the hands of a respectable portion of the press. We do not think it ought to create any undue surprise, since it is merely one of the inevitable results of an elective judiciary. The people, when strongly excited, are like a blind giant, striking right and left at his assailants, and will make and unmake judges whenever the courts proclaim the law in opposition to their own conclusions on a question which closely concerns their own personal interests. We admit in all its length and breadth the fatal consequences to result from the election of a judiciary pledged to enforce popular whim and caprice in its decisions. But we are unable to see how it can be prevented under our present elective system, if candidates for judicial honor and responsibility will "stoop to conquer." In theory, all our elections are based on the intelligence and virtue of the people, and we must accept results just as the majority see fit to decree them. The farmers' movement has already alarmed the leaders of the radical party and its effect upon the future politics of the great and growing West will be looked for with increasing interest.

Vital Statistics—Ninth Census.

Volume Second of the Ninth Census of the United States, containing nearly seven hundred pages, quarto, is devoted to vital statistics. It contains maps and charts so tinted in different shades of the same color as to report to the eye the prevalence of certain prominent diseases in the various sections of the country. According to the map the localities most free from the ravages of consumption are Florida, middle Georgia, a section in and near Burke county, N. C., and the region of the Sulphur Springs in Southwestern Virginia. These regions, with the exception of Florida, are not the ones favored by the medical profession as sanitary resorts for pulmonary patients. The reason why is perhaps found in the fact that these healthy localities have not been written up by interested parties. These maps and charts are valuable to the physician, and to the invalid who is seeking a change of climate for the benefit of his health.

Among the interesting statistics in the volume we quote the following:

The total population of the country is about thirty-eight and a quarter millions.

The total number of deaths in the current census year, 492,263, or about 1,349 *per diem*.

March seems to be the most fatal month, leading all others by about 1,000.

March, April and May form the most fatal quarter, exceeding any other three consecutive months by over 13,000.

The births number 1,100,475, or about 3,000 *per diem*.

The blind number about 20,000.

The deaf and dumb, about 16,000.

The idiotic, about 24,000.

The insane, about 37,000, nearly one-third of whom are of foreign birth.

Person over 80 years of age number about 150,000.

Persons over 90 years of age number about 7,000.

Persons over 100 years of age number about 3,500.

Of those over 80 years, the females outnumber the males by about 12,600.

Of those over 90 years, the females are in excess by about 1,200.

Of those over 100 years, females exceed the males by about 1,000.

AFTER Captain Jack and the rest of the Modoc warriors had surrendered to General Davis, that officer was on the eve of perpetrating a military blunder which would have subjected him to severe punishment and forever destroyed his standing and reputation as an officer. In a conversation with the special correspondent of the San Francisco *Bulletin*, on the 11th instant, he stated that he had procured lumber, chains, rope, tackle, and all the paraphrenalia of an execution, and had determined to hang Jack and his confederates in guilt at sunset on Friday, the 6th of this month. He further stated that he was prompted to this course from the fact that the Modocs believed they had committed deeds which deserved death, that they knew nothing about court martials and their proceedings, and that they daily expected to be hung. However true this may all be, Gen. Jefferson C. Davis ought to thank his star that while he was making the necessary preparations to hang Capt. Jack and other Modocs as high as Haman, a courier arrived at his camp with the following dispatch from Washington: "Hold the prisoners until further orders." As our readers know, a military commission has been ordered to try the Modocs against whom charges may be preferred and a few weeks more of life are thus made certain to the redoubtable Capt. Jack, Schonchin, and others of the band. Gen. Davis, on the day before the execution was to take place, drew up the following declaration of charges and read it to Jack. It reads very much like the sentence of a judge on a criminal who has been convicted of murder, Gen. Davis is evidently a man of business and scorns the law's delay, whether the court be of a military or civil character:

HEADQUARTERS, DEPARTMENT OF COLUMBIA, in the Field, Tule Lake, Cal., June, 1873.—JACK: Since white men first began to travel through or settle in the country occupied by the Modocs, a people of which you claim to be one of the chiefs, the Modocs have been known as a band of merciless robbers and murderers. The history of your tribe is filled with accounts of the murders of the white race. Even among your Indian neighbors you are known as a domineering and tyrannical tribe. Old settlers in the country report as many as 300 murders committed by your people within the limits of the present generation. Along the shores of this beautiful little lake, in view of which we now stand, are the graves of over sixty victims of Modoc barbarity, all murdered by your immediate ancestors in brutal acts. They were peaceful emigrants, men, women, and children, passing quietly through the country on the public highway. For these many crimes no adequate punishment has ever been visited upon the guilty, either as a tribe or individually. Upon the contrary, the Government has tacitly overlooked them. A few years ago, regardless of these acts of treachery, it gave you a reservation of land for a home, where if you chose you could remain and enjoy the annual bounties of the Government unmolested. You all went upon the reservation thus provided, and part of your tribe has remained. But you and your band seem to have preferred the war-path. You left the reservation. You spurned the kindness of the Government, and even resisted the soldiers in the execution of their duty while endeavoring to force you back to the reservation. You hastened to fight. Emulating the bloody deeds of your fathers, you again strewed the shores of Tule Lake with the slain victims of your bloody band. All those victims were peaceful and unsuspecting citizens, and were slaughtered while at their daily advocations. You then fled to your stronghold, the lava beds, prepared for war, and defied the power of the Government. Still, the President at Washington ordered the soldiers to desist until the Peace Commissioners could have a talk with you, and, if possible, avoid shedding more blood. Their efforts were fruitless. After much delay and many attempts at conciliation on their part, you decoyed the Commissioners into your hands. Armed or unarmed, these acts have placed you and your band outside of the rules of civilized warfare. In other words, you have made yourselves outlaws; and as such, since my arrival here as the successor of General Canby (whom you murdered with your own hands), I have made unremitting war upon your race and upon you, until at last you have been captured, after much expense to the Government and loss of many valuable lives. Now that I have recounted your history and that of your tribe—the recent acts of yourself and band—I will close this interview by informing you that I have this day directed that you and your confederaths, members of your band, be executed at sunset to-morrow in the presence of the troops, your people, and the assembled citizens of the country.

THE DELAY AND ITS CAUSE.

While I was preparing a list of those I intended to execute, a courier arrived with the instructions from Washington, "Hold the prisoners until further orders." After the execution I intended organizing a force for the purpose of starting for Columbia, and probably for Lapwai, seeing and talking with as many chiefs as possible while en route. I knew that the prompt execution of the Modoc outlaws would facilitate peace talks among the Indians of Oregon and Washington territory, as well as California, and have a tendency to quiet the Indians all through the country. The Indians all know that we have captured the Modocs, and they will quickly learn the news if the death penalty is inflicted. The chastisement would result in a mutual benefit to both Indians and whites. With the prestige the troops have gained we could do great good by such a campaign.

WATKINS GLEN.—The famous Watkins Glen, located at Watkins, Schuyler county, New York, which has become one of the most popular summer resorts in the United States, and is annually visited by tens of thousands of people from all sections of the country, would—with its two mountain houses—be open this season for visitors on or before the 1st of June. The entire Glen property has recently been purchased by John J. Lytle & Co., of Philadelphia, who have made many important improvements, nearly all the staircases, bridges, and railings having been renewed, and the Glen is in a much better and safer condition than ever before. These gentlemen will personally supervise and manage the Glen, and its summer hotels, during the season of 1873, and spare no time or expense in endeavoring to make it an attractive and pleasant place of resort for the public.

The Watkins Glen, manifold as are its scenic charms, is by no means the only feature of interest pertaining to the romantic surroundings of the pretty village from which it takes its name. Seneca Lake, one of the most beautiful sheets of water in the world, with the magnificent views which the highlands around it afford; Hecter Falls, two and a half miles north of Watkins, on the east shore of the lake, and the Havana Glen, which has been visited for several years past by great numbers of people, are all worthy the attention of tourists, and will be hailed with delight by all students and admirers of nature.

—At Newark, N. J., on Thursday, two hundred and sixty-five children were confirmed by Bishop Corrigan. John Hanley, the boy survivor of the Atlantic, was among the number.

THE Philadelphia *Age* calls attention to the important fact, that the constitutionality of the election laws of the State of Rhode Island is to be tested in the Federal Courts, with a view to having the question settled. The party plaintiff in the case offered his vote in North Providence, Rhode Island. His residence was there. That was his domicile. But his vote was referred to the moderator, or Judge of the Election, because he was not the owner of real estate in Massachusetts. That, however, cannot help him to a vote in Rhode Island. In this case the aggrieved citizen is determined to test the long disputed rights of naturalized citizens to vote in the State without regard to the property qualifications imposed by the local statute. There are more than ten thousand naturalized citizens in Rhode Island who are disfranchised by this law, while negroes are permitted to cast their ballots without reference to the property qualification clause in the Constitution. The ground on which the plaintiff in this case rests his case, is that furnished in the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution, with which the State law is manifestly in conflict. The language of that amendment is in section first: "All persons born or naturalized in the United States, and subject to the jurisdiction thereof, are citizens of the United States, and of the State wherein they reside. No State shall make or enfore any law which shall abridge the privilege or immunities of citizens of the United States." And the Fifteenth Amendment likewise provides that "the rights of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States, or by any State, on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude." The case seems a perfectly clear one. A naturalized citizen is first a citizen of the United States, and of the State of his residence. Next, such State is forbidden to make or enfore any law abridging the privileges or immunities of a citizen of the United States. William Beach Lawrence, Esq., and Charles O'Conor, Esq., are counsel for the plaintiff, and, in view of the principles involved, the importance of the issue to the politics of the State, and the surpassing ability of the counsel engaged, the Legislature is to be memoralized to defend the suit at the cost of the State. If the latter amendment of the Constitution covers the rights of black men, why not those of white citizens?

ATTEMPTED MURDER AND SUICIDE.—at Hudson, N. H., Henry Jewett, twenty-five years of age, has been endeavoring to force his suit with Miss Ella Wood, a daughter of Charles Wood. Miss Wood rejected his offer of marriage, and her parents also opposed it. Monday morning Jewett visited Miss Wood, pulled from his pocket a six-shooter, aimed it at her head, and fired. The ball entered her forehead just above the eye, and lodged under the skin. Miss Wood fell upon the floor, but not insensible; it is hoped the wound is not mortal. Jewett then passed from the house to the yard, where he met Mr. Wood, and attempted to assassinate him. Mr. Wood caught the enraged man by the throat warded off the aim of the pistol, and so fortunately escaped. Jewett then put the pistol to his own ear and discharged it, the ball entering his head and causing a wound that must prove fatal. The indications are that it was Jewett's intention to murder the entire family.

LATER.—The shooting affair referred to occurred in a sitting-room of Charles Wood's farm-house. After the first shot was fired Mr. Wood grappled with the assassin, when a fearful life and death struggle ensued, in which Jewett attempted to take Mr. Wood's life. Wood finally overcame Jewett and crushed him to the floor, when the latter placed the pistol at his own head and fired. In the excitement Mr. Wood dragged him out of the house by the heels, and left him under a tree to die. Dr. Smith has probed Jewett's wound to a depth of five inches, and says he cannot live. While he had his senses he asked forgiveness for what he had done. Some years ago Jewett married a Miss Smith of this city, but the marriage was an unhappy one, and they soon separated. Miss Wood's wound is worse than at first reported. It has been probed to a depth of three inches, and although she is conscious, her recovery is doubtful.

SOMETHING MEANER THAN THE BACK-PAY STEAL.—A Washington despatch to the *Times* says:

There has been a good deal of indignation privately expressed by persons interested at the manner in which the volumes of the *Medical and Surgical History of the War* have been disposed of by some members of Congress. There were from nine to eleven sets printed for each Senator and member of the House. One would suppose that every member would have, at least, that small number of physicians in his district to whom he would esteem it a privilege to send the set, and who would be anxious to secure it; but mysteriously, a large number of sets found their way into the hands of dealers in second-hand books and document brokers, and at one time they were selling for $9 to $10 a set. The price has since increased somewhat, but there are still sets to be had at a very moderate price compared with the cost to the government. There is no doubt that several members sold their sets outright, or allowed persons connected with, or dependent upon, them, to make sales and pocket the prices.

AERONAUTICS.—Boston is great on organs, on musical jubilees, great conflagrations, etc., etc.; but when monster æronautics are talked of it desires to be counted out. Hence we find that the councils of the Hub, having first coquetted with Messrs. Wise and Donaldson in regard to the stamps necessary to pay for the cost of building a balloon of sufficient dimensions to carry two persons, with necessary provisions, across the Atlantic, has suddenly changed her mind, and now refuses to advance the "ready." As a result, some other starting point will be selected, and the æronauts, with a proper appreciation of the spirit of enterprise manifested by the proprietor of New York's namesake, the Herald, have made a formal application to that gentleman for a supply of the "needful." Mr. Bennett ought to comply. He has the means; and the enterprise, if successful, would add another leaf to the Herald's chaplet of renown.

—A Washington correspondent says: Treasury experts have finished the work of restoring the securities of the Lamberton Savings Bank, of Franklin, Pa., which were thrown into the fire by the insane cashier. Of $140,000 government bonds, all were identified. Of the $60,000 railroad and municipal bonds, all were restored or made good by the parties interested. The only loss of the bank has been two or three thousand dollars in currency. When received at the Treasury the whole mass appeared to be ashes and charred remnants of papers. The experts were Mrs. Davis, Miss Patterson and Miss Schrimer. The time occupied was about five weeks of clear days. The work was of such a delicate nature that it could not be prosecuted in cloudy weather.

—One line of Saturday night's London dispatches announces the Pope's health completely restored, and the next chronicles Emperor William's as failing.

A SAD HISTORY.—*The United States Senate and a Hotel Pantry at Franklin, Pa.*—The Venango *Spectator* tells the following story: There is now employed in this city a house-servant, a woman who was a few short years ago the wife of a rising young lawyer in Butler county. After her marriage there was a short year of wedded love and the birth of a daughter. Then came estrangement and aversion on the part of the husband, ending in his desertion of wife and child. Left penniless and broken-hearted, the poor mother struggled to support herself and offspring, doing whatever her hands found to do, and in the course of a few years she applied for, and obtained, a divorce. The husband went to California, and finally settled in Oregon. He had talent, ambition, and assurance—three great requisities for success in life. Dabbling in politics, he awoke one morning to discover that the Legislature of Oregon had elected him a Senator of the United States. He had left the wilds of Butler only some six years before, going he cared not where, to escape the silken bonds of his marriage, which had become galling fetters of iron. Then his name was John Mitchell Hipple, but the Senator, when the names are called, will answer to the name of John H. Mitchell, of Oregon, is the Hipple of Butler county. He will sit in the Chamber that once echoed to the ringing periods of Webster and Clay, courted, flattered, and honored as a rising, perhaps a Christian, statesman. All that man could ask of promise for the future will be his. His lines have fallen in pleasant places.

Surely, the mutations of life are beyond our comprehension. Fiction presents, in all its range, no greater contrast of fate or fortune than that between Hipple, or Mitchell, in the Senate of the United States, and the once cherised wife of his bosom, a menial in a Franklin hotel. He is the guest of earth's great ones; the peer, as the world goes, of men of historic fame; she is a toiling slave, "who dines from off the plate she lately washed," with no hope of a brighter day this side of the grave. Yet who can say that her lot, dark and gloomy as it seems, is less happy than his? Who knows that there is not constantly before him torturing visions of a deserted woman and a little child?—phantoms that will not down at his bidding?

AN OFFICE VACANT.—There is a government office vacant on the plains, and some enterprising, hungry politician with a thick skin ought to apply for it immediately. It is the office of mail-carrier between Cheyenne and White Clay, and the distance is 140 miles. The pay is good, and the chances for fame are better. Mr. J. F. Carter, the late mail-carrier on the route, became famous, and it was in this wise: He had two horses and a light wagon, and was thirty miles on his way from Cheyenne, when he heard a shot and felt a bullet enter his neck. He lay over in his wagon, and his team commenced running away, and more shots came and peppered him and his wagon and horses like a hot hail storm. But the team ran faster and faster, and the band of Sioux, mounted on horses fleet as the wind, followed like a cloud full of lightning. The mail-carrier was thus chased nine miles, and his team ran into a camp of friendly Cheyennes. The storm ceased; the Sioux were not strong enough for the camp, and the Cheyennes protected the weather-beaten carrier. The wagon was as full of holes as a sieve, and there were nine distinct and separate bullets in Carter's limbs and body. The wagon and horses were covered with blood rained by the fire-storm. The Cheyennes dressed Carter's wounds as well as they could, and took him to Laramie, twenty miles distant, where the balls were extracted, all but one, which could not be reached. Carter is rapidly recovering, but has gone home to his mother in Fort Wayne, Indiana. He is a young man—only twenty-one—but had been five years in the employment of the Government as a scout. He had been carrying the mail but five or six days, having taken the place of a carrier who was lately killed by the Indians. It is not likely he will return to the place when he gets well. A young man of strong constitution is needed for it, and the position will be for life if the applicant suits. There is both money and fame in it for an office-seeker desirous of serving his country where his country most needs a man.

THE WALWORTH FAMILY.—A gentleman has given us some facts relative to his personal acquaintance with the Walworth family, whose name has become the text of much sermonizing of late. Mrs. Walworth was the daughter of Gen. Hardin, of Illinois, whose widow was the wife of Chancellor Walworth, the father of the murdered man. Six or seven years ago Mrs. Walworth, living unhappily with her husband, removed to Louisville, her friends having purchased the old Zane estate, worth $30,000. Here she lived with her family, then consisting of two young daughters and Frank, a noble, affectionate, manly boy of about fourteen years. About three years after her removal here, Mansfield Tracy Walworth, her husband, came to Louisville, and a reconciliation was effected. Here they lived together on the most affectionate terms for nearly three years, and here another daughter was born, which died in infancy. Walworth became restive after a period, and finally persuaded his wife to sell her home and go back to New York with him. The estate was sold and the proceeds placed at his disposal. After the family removed to New York, Walworth became unpleasant in his demeanor, and finally treated his wife in such a brutal manner that her friends came to her aid and procured a legal separation.

Mr. L. S. Hardin, a prominent lawyer of this city, is a brother of Mrs. Walworth, and married a daughter of Mr. John I. Jacob. He lives on the estate once owned by his sister. We understand that Mr. Hardin some weeks ago recceived a letter from Mansfield Tracy Walworth, in which was avowed the determination to kill Mrs. Walworth and her son Frank. Mr. Hardin has gone to New York, taking this letter with him. It will be produced on the trial, and will doubtless have a marked effect.—*Louisville Commercial.*

AN ILLINOIS BORGIA.—*Wholesale Poisoning.*—The Decatur (Illinois) *Dispatch* tells the following remarkable story of wholesale murder by a female poisoner: A. W. Drake, a farmer living near Moamega, Illinois, died under suspicious circumstances, and Mrs. York, his mother-in-law and housekeeper, was suspected of having something to do with his sudden death, but no steps were taken to investigate the matter, and Mrs. York went to live with a son in Kansas, where, a few days since, she was taken ill and a physician summoned to her, who told her she was poisoned and had but a few hours to live. Facing imminent death, she made a confession which exposed to the world a fiend incarnate. She confessed to having poisoned her husband in 1863; Mrs. A. W. Drake, her own daughter; two children of A. W. Drake; the wife of E. R. Drake, formerly of this city; and, last September, A. W. Drake. She then went to live with her son, and a short time ago made up a mixture of poison to administer to him on the first opportunity. Feeling unwell, a day or two afterwards, she went after some medicine to the cupboard, and by mistake took the fatal dose prepared for her son, which resulted in her own death.

News and Political Items.

—Gold closed in New York on Wednesday last at 116.

—The whole number of Modocs taken prisoners is 156.

—A grain elevator and 30,000 bushels of wheat were burned at Cresco, Iowa, on the 13th.

—A Worcester county man owns a pair of horses forty years old. He calls them 2 40's.

—Six soldiers and twenty-six horses were recently lost by a flood in the valley of Blackwood, Omaha.

—Henry Clay's court dress, worn at the Treaty of Ghent, has been presented to the Ashland (Ky.) Museum.

—By a single letter a gentleman in Terre Haute, Ind., learned, a few days ago, of the death of four of his brothers.

—A lady ninety-six years old, in New Hampshire, is suffering from whooping cough and teething at the same time.

—The dead body of Rev. Father Guir, a Catholic priest, was found floating in the Eastern Branch at Washington, Friday.

—General Davis has sent a party of men to hunt for and arrest the persons guilty of the massacre of the Modoc prisoners.

—Ten persons in a family of eleven persons died within a week in Dallas county, Texas, recently. The survivor was a baby.

—Corsica, Jefferson county, was almost totally destroyed by fire week before last. Nineteen families were rendered homeless. Loss, $125,000.

—Nine thousand immigrants arrived during the past week at the port of New York, making 141,856 since the 1st of January.

—No fizzle about this. Five baskets of champagne were exploded by the heat in Georgia, the other day, and extinguished the flames in a burning building.

—Thos. Jefferson's family carriage, imported from Europe by him, has been sent to a shop in Staunton from Charlottesville, where it is owned, to be repaired.

—Rome, Ga., has a Judge who picks the banjo, flourishes a paint brush, sings ethiopian ditties, balances the scales of justice, and makes Rome howl. He is a colored man.

—A Peoria (Ill.) man has a nice-looking library, made up entirely of patent office reports, with the backs neatly labelled with the names of the great authors and their works.

—A woman at Union Hill, New Jersey, has been arrested for habitually pouring boiling water on the sidewalks for the purpose of scalding the feet of barefooted children.

—It will be a severe blow to Christianity just as it has secured toleration in Japan, to have such a specimen as Bingham appear on the scene, as a representative of the United States.

—An orphan, under age, married his female guardian in Illinois the other day, and was compelled to get her written consent to his marriage before the wedding could take place.

—A curious double wedding has been consummated in Reading. A young white man married a colored girl and a young colored man married a white girl, all in the same families.

—A whole homily would not contain more than this home spun farm aphorism: "If you want your boy to stay at home, don't bear too hard on the grindstone when he turns the crank."

—An insane man, attending a circus at Henderson, Ky., killed a baby, with a large club, and injured a number of persons, some of them badly, in their efforts to arrest him. The police shot him three times. He is now in chains.

—The Greenfield *Gazette* tells of a man well known there, who borrowed money of his wife to go to Indiana and look for business, but who, instead, procured a divorce, married again, and then came back to borrow more of his former wife.

—A large meeting of the farmers and laboring men was held at Shelbyville, Ind., on Saturday. Several addresses were made and resolutions condemning salary grabbers, Railroad monopolies and monied aristocracy, were unanimously adopted.

—The *Age* calls attention to the fact that not a single paper in that city except the *Press*, has a word to say in regard to the charges of the leading administration paper, the New York *Times*, concerning the Radical thieves that rule and rob Philadelphia.

—A dispatch from Jacksonville, Oregon, says that Gen. Ross, of the Oregon volunteers, just arrived, denies that the massacre of Modoc prisoners was committed by the Oregon volunteers, and says that they had other and better chances for the murder of the prisoners, if they desired.

—The tomato plants in some localities are being assailed by a new enemy in the shape of a short, thick and striped bug, bearing some resemblance to a potato bug, but differing from it in being shorter, and larger in diameter. They eat not only the leaves but also the branches and stalks.

—The chief clerk and his assistants of the Con. Con. have had their salaries fixed at $2,750 each; the transcribing clerks, ten in number, $2,000 each; Sergeant-at-Arms, $2,000; Assistant Sergeant-at-Arms, $1,800; Doorkeepers, two, $1,800 each, and Postmaster and Assistant Postmaster, $1,800 each.

—A man at Portsmouth, N. H., has just been relieved of a bullet which he has carried for nearly nine years. He was wounded at the battle of Fair Oaks, the bullet striking him on the left temple and lodging near the angle of the jaw. he has been deprived of the use of his jaws, and has lived entirely on liquid food.

—While a number of persons were on a raft, composed of two boats and some planks, in a pond in Calais, twelve miles from Montpelier, Vt., on Monday last, one of the boats filled and the whole party were thrown into the water. Five of them were drowned, and about the same number were taken from the water unconscious, but were restored.

—On Friday evening Dr. Lewis, a physician of Zanesville, Ohio, learned that Thomas Smith, a married man, having three children, had taken a daughter of his in a buggy and left town. The doctor followed, overtook them and shot Smith through the lung, besides beating him severely. He is not expected to recover.—Lewis was arrested.

—Says the Savannah (Georgia) News: "A colored youth in Thomasville was hired by a charitable man to carry a shoulder of pork to any poor family he could find. He went to every house in town, but all denied that they were poor. In some instances he was even pursued to the front gates by excited females, who expressed a desire to curl his hair with the small end of the broom."

—A dispatch from Boyle's Camp, June 11, states that the captive Modocs are to be taken to Fort Klamath, where the Commission will sit to try them. Some of the wounded troops have already been sent. It is generally thought that Bogus Charley, Hooker Jim, Steamboat Frank, and Shacknasty Jim, having volunteered aid to capture Jack, will escape punishment. Those noted for murder will be sent to Alcatraz.

—Three cars and a locomotive, containing sixteen persons, were precipitated over a bridge on the Norwich and Worcester railroad, at Daysville, Conn., on Monday night, in consequence of a tie having been placed upon the track, and falling a distance of fourteen feet, the engineer and fireman were buried beneath the ruins and seriously injured. Three men have been arrested on suspicion of committing the diabolical deed.

—A father of fifty children is [illegible] for by one of the most [illegible] respected citizens of Waco, Texas. [illegible] letter to the Waco *Advance*, [illegible] that by his first wife he had thirteen children; by his second, eighteen; by third, ten; by his fourth, six; and fifth and surviving wife, three; and thirty-five of this numerous progeny still alive—eight having been in the rebel army, and seven having died [illegible] deaths.

—And now it transpires that Stephen Hipple Mitchell added bigamy to his crimes, having been married a second time five years before his second wife procured a divorce. This trifling development, however, need not add to Mr. Mitchell's embarrassment. The Senate has yet on record as having rather a preference for the comradeship of criminals; and if there should be an awkward proceeding in the [illegible] some court, resulting in a sentence of [illegible] years in State's Prison, he has only to remind the President of the precedent in the case of Congressman Bowen.—*Times.*

—A curious presentiment is [illegible] in connection with the drowning of [illegible] school-boys at Norwalk, Connecticut, on the 7. The day before the accident, [illegible] an assistant teacher, remarked to [illegible] teacher: "I have dreamed two [illegible] in succession that three of our boys were drowned. It is very foolish to speak of it, but somehow it haunts me, and I [illegible] have a care to the boys when on the water." When Charley White, the first boy [illegible] reached the house after the accident, [illegible] in drenched with water, the door, [illegible] claimed, "How bad is it?—who is drowned?" and fell fainting into White's arms.

—The Brooklyn (N. Y.) *Eagle* [illegible] the appalling statement that over one hundred bodies, with every evidence of violent death upon them, have been found in and about that city during the past twelve months. A few of them were recognized by friends and privately buried, but the great majority remained unidentified. Many of the dead were children, few were old men, but the mass was composed of the mature and strong of both sexes. In a single week the bodies of twelve infants were found [illegible] docks. This is a terrible exhibit of the city, and that not the largest of the United States.

—At daybreak on Monday morning last Almonde Gordon, a farmer living near Thorndyke Station, Me., and his wife and youngest daughter, were found murdered in one bed, his little son, six years old, sleeping in a crib in the same room, was found fully wounded, and the house set on fire. All the bodies were much mutilated by a bloody axe, with which the slaughter was done, was found near at hand. A married brother of the murdered man is under arrest, charged with the crime. The alleged cause of the bloody murder was a dispute about some property. The suspected man appears perfectly cool and manifests no anxiety.

—The cornfield of Wm. Moore, in Uwchlan township, Chester county, was recently visited by a large flock of crows, which, after destroying nine acres of corn, had commenced every hill. The enclosure [illegible] about ten acres, the remaining [illegible] was left unmolested, exclusive [illegible] producer. The Brandywine Farmers' Club, have contended that the [illegible] ist needs more consumers. Mr. [illegible] not of that opinion, although [illegible] cultivating a second crop, not [illegible] yet any satisfactory returns from [illegible] On visiting the place he observed [illegible] the acre rising from the field, [illegible] the appearance of a dark cloud, [illegible] examination found, on entering [illegible] almost total destruction as above [illegible]

THE MANUFACTURE OF STEAM ENGINES—WHAT HAS BEEN DONE.—The Utica Steam Engine Company, Utica, N. Y., has manufactured over 3,000 Steam Engines, aggregating over 40,000 horse power, the gross weight being over [illegible] (twenty million) pounds! Were they placed far enough apart for each to drive a saw-mill, threshing machine, or some other machinery requiring equal power, they would make a line over one hundred and fifty miles long! What an immense amount of labor these engines have accomplished! What a vast amount of machinery has been propelled, millions of bushels of grain threshed, thousands of bales of cotton ginned, millions of feet of lumber sawed! almost silent, powerful agents! If these engines they have accomplished could be [illegible] what an array of figures it would [illegible] The engines manufactured by the Utica Steam Engine Company are now in every section of the United States, the Indias, South and Central America, and Egypt, and they have acquired a wide reputation.

SUSQUEHANNA SCHOOL DISTRICT in account with the Directors, Treasurer of said district for the year ending [illegible]

S. J. LUTHER, Collector.

To amount of Duplicate ..... $
" " on last year's Duplicate ..... $

Cr.

By cash and orders paid— $
John Bearer, Treasurer ..... $
By Lands ret'd to Co. Com'rs ..... $
" Exonerations ..... $
" Commission for collecting ..... $

Due District ..... $

JOHN BEARER, Treasurer.

To amount received from S. J. Luther ..... $
" " State appropriation ..... $
" " Unseated Lands ..... $

Cr.

By Orders paid $1,395 6
" am't due from last year's settlement ..... $ 5 7
" Interest ..... $ 15
" Commission, 2 per cent ..... $ 27 9

Due Treasurer from District ..... $

We, the School Board of Susquehanna township, have examined the accounts above stated, and find them correct, as above stated.

E. P. BAKER,
CHAS. WEAKLAND,
JOHN PORTER,
JOHN SOMMERVILLE,
PETER GARMAN,
JOHN BEARER,

May 31, 1873.

STATEMENT of the Auditors settlement with the Supervisors of Hanna Township for the year 1872.

THOS. J. BYRNE, Supervisor.

To amount of Duplicate ..... $
Cr.

By Work done by Taxables ..... $
" Exonerations ..... $
" one Stone Sledge ..... $
" personal services, 51 days ..... $

Due Supervisor ..... $

WM H. LAVERTY, Supervisor.

To amount of Duplicate ..... $
" " due at last settlement ..... $

Cr.

By Work done by Taxables ..... $
" am't pd. T. J. Byrne, Super'r ..... $
" " John Somerville, Aud'r ..... $
" " paid for Printing ..... $
" " " John Bearer, Tp Clk ..... $
" " " G. W. Myers, Audit'r ..... $
" " " P. Helfrick, Auditor, ... $
" Personal services, 15 days ..... $

We, the Auditors of Susquehanna township, do hereby certify that we have carefully examined the above accounts and find them correct as stated.

JOHN SOMMERVILLE,
PETER HELFRICK,
GEORGE W. MYERS,

Attest—JOHN BEARER, Twp. Clerk.

BARK WANTED.—FOUR HUNDRED AND CORDS OAK AND HEMLOCK BARK wanted at the new Tannery, Wooden town. Cash paid on delivery. Apply or address W. H. ROSENSTEEL & CO., Johnstown.

June 6, 1873.-4m.*

AGENTS WANTED Everywhere to sell our new Patent Embroidering Machine. Illustrated Circular free. Manufacturing Company, Bidde

THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

EBENSBURG, PA.,

Friday Morning, - - June 20, 1873.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

Here, There, and the Other Place.

—D——readful hot is what everybody tells it.

—The good, bad and indifferent are all praying for more rain.

—All passenger trains, except Southern Express east, now stop at Cresson.

—Another new time-table for the Pa. R. R. is said to be in course of preparation.

—Wm. Brown, who was black, formerly of Hollidaysburg, was killed in a well in Altoona last week.

—Young man, Houck, fell from swing, in Low Altoona, slightly injured, Sunday afternoon.

—Information has been made against several Altoonians for violating the local option law.

—If you buy flour from M. L. Oatman, you may depend upon getting the best in the market.

—Why is the Democratic County Convention like the weather? Because it's pretty close.

—Mr. Geo. Wehn, sr., of Jackson township, has gone Europeward on a visit to the Fatherland.

—We hope to issue our next paper on Friday night, with the full proceedings of the Convention.

—The Clearfield Republican County Convention has declared for Hon. Sam'l Hay for State Treasurer.

—Remember that 15 per cent. on the dollar is what M. L. Oatman says can be saved by buying at his cheap cash store.

—A human body partially petrified and full of arrows, stone knives, etc., were recently dug up in Westmoreland county.

—Benton & Wayne's hardware store, Johnstown, was burglarized to the extent of $75 worth of revolvers the other night.

—The Pittsburgh Express west collided with a coal train near Greensburg, Thursday morning. Result, engineer injured and several coal cars wrecked.

—Twenty-seven snakes of various species were killed in less than five minutes, at Boyd's station, Blair county, the other day, by a party of coal miners.

—James Slain, of Cambria borough, a lately employed brakeman on the Pa. R. R. had one of his legs taken off by the cars at Irwin's station, on Tuesday last.

—John Cunningham, aged twenty, was killed by a heavy piece of timber falling on him at a barn raising in Conemaugh township, Indiana county, yesterday week.

—A Harrisburg gentleman recently smuggified an Altoona lady into a panorama. He did it matrimonially, after supper (maiden name.) All's well that ends well.

—Jesse, a twelve year old son of President Grant, went east over Pa. R. R. Tuesday last, having traveled "all alone by himself" from Covington, Ky., *en route* for Washington.

—Andy Wibel will sell a mare and colt, milch cows, ten head of young cattle, forty-three sheep, and various farming implements, etc., at his home in Cambria township, on Tuesday next, June 24th.

—Ladies should by all means call at Mrs. Aulman's cheap cash store for gaiters and slippers, as the finest, largest, and cheapest stock in Ebensburg is now on exhibition and sale at that popular establishment.

—Blacksnakes seem to be invading Ebensburg, judging from the fact that two of these disagreeable reptiles have been killed in this place during the present week. They measured respectively about four and five feet.

—R. H. Canan, Esq., a prominent citizen of Johnstown," will be surprised, if pained, to learn that he is dead. Still we say not believe it, as the Altoona *Tribune* is by no means the best authority on such subjects.

—Parasols of latest styles and of various qualities and prices are among the many valuable articles for sale at Thompson's dry goods office store. Ladies will find no handsomer stock of goods anywhere than at Thompson's. Don't fail to call.

—J. Patton Thompson, of Philadelphia, has been doing Ebensburg, the home of his childhood, for the past few days, and is of course receiving a kindly welcome. His present place of business is 609 Market st., Philadelphia—M. M. Marple & Co.

—Messrs. L. & S. W. Davis, of this place, are to run the Cresson livery establishment, during the heated term, and it is needless to say that it will be well run. Our hopes, it is said, to run for Sheriff next fall. Likewise, on the Republican ticket.

—Katie Curry, an eight year old daughter of Hon. J. W. Curry, fell from the attic to the cellar of a new building in course of erection in Altoona, on Tuesday, a distance of twenty feet, but miraculously escaped with only a few slight scratches and bruises.

—Two small rolls of bank notes were found in the Branch passenger car, a few evenings ago, by Master Michael Murphy, a lad who does the sweeping, and can be recovered by the owner upon identification of the money and paying for this notice. Other than that will be left to the owner's sense of justice.

—Greensburg is greatly excited over the discovery of a lot of female apparal, bloody, torn and tattered, which were found scattered over the ground near that place on Tuesday of last week. As no owner has as yet been found for the "duds," the supposition is general that a foul murder has been committed.

—The editor who was sorry to learn that one of his neighbors was recovering slowly, whose abiding place is not more than ten thousand miles in a direct line from this place, has found his counterpart in a Wisconsin reporter who regretted to learn that Col. —— was brutally assaulted one night, but not killed."

—A Spaniard, name not given, was found on the pic-nic grounds, Fifth Ward, Altoona, on Tuesday evening, with an artery in one of his arms severed and a pool of blood near him. He had evidently intended to bleed himself to death, but the cool air of the evening had caused the artery to contract, thus saving his life.

—Mrs. O. J. Evans and Wm. H. Sechler, Administrators of E. D. Evans, late of Wilmore borough, dec'd, will offer at public sale a large lot of dry goods, groceries, furniture, hardware, queensware, notions, boots, shoes, hats, caps, wagon, etc., etc., commencing on Friday next, June 20th, at 2 o'clock, and to continue day and evening until everything is disposed of.

—The Presbyterian church in this place is about receiving the finishing touches in the way of internal improvements, and the congregation hope to reoccupy it next Sunday week. Some five hundred dollars have been expended on the inside, and one or two hundred dollars more will be required for the outside work, when they hope to have a church edifice neat and complete in all particulars.

—Did ye hear tell what has befell the store and drug firm of Lemmon & Murray? Same you don't know, as news travels slow—that is, not in a very great hurry—sometimes. Well, what has just befell this firm of much merit is a large, fresh and exceedingly choice stock of new goods in their line, including the finest display of first class jewelry to be found in town. Go and see for yourself—goods cheap and choice.

—Mr. Robert Kerr, an old and much esteemed citizen of East Conemaugh, was run over by a train of cars at that place, on Wednesday night of last week, and had one of his legs so terribly crushed that the injured limb had to be amputated. Notwithstanding his great age, nearly seventy years, the unfortunate man is in a fair way of recovery.

—A man named John Moore jumped off a passenger train, on Friday night last, while it was passing over Clearfield creek, Clearfield county, and fell a distance of fifty feet, but, wonderful to say, escaped with his life, although he came out with face and throat terribly lacerated, his windpipe having been about half severed. He will recover.

—Our esteemed friend, Hon. Peter F. Collins, while visiting his parental home in this place a few days ago, had the misfortune to lose his pocket-book, containing about ten dollars in money and several valuable notes and papers. The finder is at liberty to keep the money if he or *she* will return the pocket-book and the balance of its contents through the Ebensburg post-office or otherwise.

—A prominent citizen of the East Ward was upset and had the wind completely knocked out of him a few nights ago by a gentleman from the rural districts, after which the latter, impressed no doubt with the idea that he had committed a murder, hastily mounted his horse and left town on a double quick. If he should stop *short* of the jumping off place it will be because he has got over his scare.

—We sincerely trust that every Democratic voter in Cambria county will go to the delegate election next Saturday. The attendance of the honest masses at the polls, and the selection of none but trustworthy men to represent them in the convention, is the surest means by which an unobjectionable ticket can be secured. Let no man who has the interests of his county and his party at heart neglect this duty.

—The Catholics of Wilmore and vicinity propose to have the liveliest pic-nic of the season, in a delightful grove near town, on the coming Fourth of July, and hope to be joined in the pleasures of the day by friends from all parts of the county.—There is no place on this mundane sphere where festivities of this kind are got up on a more elaborate or more enjoyable scale than at Wilmore. Therefore join ye them.

—The most enjoyable pic-nic that has ever probably occurred in Cambria county, was the one held at St. Augustine on Tuesday last. Many persons from Altoona and other distant points were in attendance, and everything passed off in the most agreeable manner. We had intended to put in an appearance on that occasion, but circumstances over which we had no control compelled us to forego the pleasure.

—The Bardine Summer Home Association, for which a charter was obtained last winter, expect to commence early in July the erection of building at South Springs—more commodious and more comfortable than those recently destroyed by fire at that favorite watering place. It is the intention to put up buildings that will accompodate not less than two hundred guests in a style second to no other summer resort in the State.

—Geo. W. Lloyd, jr., Wm. Baum and Martin Oaks, recently convicted in our county court of larceny, etc., were on Monday last taken to the penitentiary by Sheriff Bonacker and Deputy Sheriff O'Donnell. All the above named have been sentenced to serve for a term of two years each at hard labor and in solitary confinement, the Johnstown and Altoona dailies and several other enterprising journals to the contrary notwithstanding.

—Vincent Cassidy, aged about 18 years, son of Mr. John Cassidy, was drowned in the old Ashland furnace dam, in Clearfield township, on Sunday evening last, while bathing. Young Cassidy, who was unable to swim, was attempting to float with the aid of a plank, when the plank slipped from his grasp and he sank in deep water and was drowned within sight of two of his young associates, who were so much frightened by the occurrence that they were unable to render him any assistance.

—We note with pleasure the marriage, in Pittsburgh, June 17th, of our good-looking young friend and patron, A. J. Speiglemire, of Philadelphia, to Miss Alice E. Adams, of Birmingham, Allegheny county. Jim is one of nature's noblemen, and being a gentleman of good taste and sound common sense, we have no doubt he has secured a handsome, amiable and accomplished bride. May joy without alloy, and now and then a boy, interspersed with a few of the opposite sex, be among the many blessings in store for the happy young couple.

—Three of the most estimable citizens of Chest township, Messrs. Archibald, Thomas and Augustine Kirkpatrick, brothers, have had or are having just now more than the lion's share of misfortune. The former cut one of his feet in a shocking manner while chopping wood, some two weeks ago, and it is feared that his injuries will result in permanent lameness if not in death; the second named lost his beloved wife by death on Sunday last; and the wife of the latter is at present lying so dangerously ill that her life is despaired of. Verily misfortunes never come singly.

—The members of the Ebensburg Silver Cornet Band are very enthusiastic in the expression of their gratitude for the kind treatment vouchsafed them on the occasion of their recent visit to Summitville. They are especially obliged to Capt. Wm. Linton, of the Summit House, and to Mr. John C. Boland, of the National, who did much to render their brief stay in the highest degree enjoyable. Two more competent or obliging landlords than the gentlemen named are not to found anywhere, and we heartily commend them to the patronage of all who visit the Summit, a most delightful spot at this season of the year.

—We feel sure that it will delight young and old to learn that the inimitable Frank Conly, who has well earned the suggestive sobriquet of "Comical Conly," has written us to secure the Court House for him on Monday and Tuesday evenings, June 30th and July 1st, on which occasion he contemplates treating our citizens to two of those side-splitting entertainments for which he is so justly renowned wherever known. It will be remembered that Mr. Conly paid our town a professional visit last summer with the "Hayes' Quartette," a fact which need only be remembered to secure him immense audiences on the coming occasions. Particulars next week.

—Yesterday week, the Feast of Corpus Christi, was a grand gala day at Summitville, the main features of the occasion being the blessing of a handsome banner for St. Peter's Benevolent Society of Hemlock, and the delivery of a lecture on the subject of "Charity," by Rt. Rev. M. Domenec, Bishop of Pittsburgh. The society above named, as well as a delegation of the Ancient Order of Hibernians from Gallitzin, to the number of nearly two hundred, all told, wearing beautiful regalia and otherwise neatly attired, took part in the procession, the former preceded by the Ebensburg Silver Cornet Band, and the latter by the Gallitzin Martial Band. A finer display of the kind we never witnessed, the participants being all manly, well behaved and stalwart looking gentlemen. Everything passed off to the infinite credit of the societies named, and we believe quite a handsome sum was realized from the Bishop's lecture.

DOINGS IN COURT LAST WEEK.—In the hurry of issuing our paper we neglected to publish the Court proceedings up to time of going to press last week. We therefore give a full report below, as kindly furnished us by John G. Lake, Esq:

George Gates vs. Henry Wolf and H. A. Welshons. Summons in covenant. After a jury had been called and sworn in this case the plaintiff took a non suit.

Abraham Humphreys vs. Patrick and Anthony Flinn. Summons in ejectment. Before the jury was sworn the discharge of J. Geo. Miles, Esq., executor of Dr. P. Shoenberger, was suggested, and John S. Watt, administrator *de bonis non*, was added as one of the defendants. The jury returned a verdict for the defendants.

Uriah Lloyd vs. John Sommerville et. al. Summons case in assumpsit. Settled as follows: Defendants confess judgment for $193 and plaintiff to pay docket fees.

P. M'Crossin vs. R. J. Hughes et. al. Summons in ejectment. Continued.

Cambria Iron Co. vs. Francis Christy and M. Dimond. Summons in ejectment. Continued.

Paul J. Flinn et. al. vs. J. J. Krise and Jacob Nagle. Summons in debt. Continued.

Bernard Murphy vs. Henry Nutter. Foreign attachment. Jury return a verdict for the plaintiff for $1,300.

Executors of J. McGonigle vs. John Wilkins and G. J. Davis. Capias trespass *quare clausum fregit*. Settled.

Henry Nutter vs. Weakland & Saupp. Summons in ejectment. Continued.

Virginia Black vs. Irvin Horrell. Slander. Jury return a verdict of not guilty, and that each pay half the costs.

Myers & Co. vs. Mathias Kessler. Summons in trespass on the case upon promises. Plaintiffs take a non suit.

Catharine McGlade vs. F. M. Hammers. Summons trespass *vi et armis*. Settled.

Krise et. al. vs. Washington Neason. Summons in ejectment. Verdict for plaintiff.

Neal O'Donnell et. al. vs. Henry Arbie. Summons in ejectment. Continued.

Patrick McGuire vs. Stanislaus Wharton. Summons case. Defendant confesses judgment for $150 and costs.

Mary Bender vs. David Trexler. Summons in ejectment. Verdict for defendant.

John Brotherline vs. Charles Youngkin. Summons trespass in the case. Plaintiff takes a non suit.

Rich'd E. Jones vs. David Powell. Slander. Verdict for defendant.

On application of A. Kopelin, Esq., the Court discharged James Mooney, who had been arrested as a participant in the late Portage melee, in which John Sanders was stabbed. The reasons for the discharge of the prisoner were because he had been denied a hearing before a Justice of the Peace previous to his commitment, and because the information upon which the warrant for his arrest was issued had not been returned.

Argument Court was fixed for Friday, July 25th, at 10 o'clock, a. m.

KILLED AT WILMORE.—Wednesday we made a brief note of the fact that a man had been killed at Wilmore. To-day we are enabled to give further particulars. It is supposed that the deceased either jumped or fell from the East Lime west, on Monday evening, as when first found, shortly after that train passed, he was still living, although almost unconscious. Assistance was immediately sutumoned, and while the unfortunate man was being conveyed to the village of Wilmore, and just at the bridge crossing the stream, he suddenly exclaimed, in a loud tone—"I'm a son of a ——," and immediately expired. An examination of his clothing was made, and in one of his pockets was found a ticket from Gallitzin to East Conemaugh, that had not been punched. Several letters were also found upon his person which would seem to indicate that he was connected with an organized gang of robbers and thieves. He also had a bottle of whisky with him. The letters were from persons in Philadelphia and Pittsburgh, and were addressed to George Leroy. Esquire Miller held an inquest upon the remains, and the body was interred at Wilmore. There is a suspicion afloat that he may have been one of the party who robbed Michel, of Cambria borough, of $180, the previous night, as he answered the description of one of the party who took the money.—*Johnstown Tribune.*

A CARD.—*Mr. Editor:* Owing to the fact that it is a difficult matter to make a nomination which will be endorsed by the people, and also to the fact that my position has been misunderstood by my Democratic friends, I have concluded to withdraw my name as a candidate for Assembly. In so doing, I have not been convinced of having labored under any error or perversion of Democratic principle, but solely for the purpose of promoting harmony and peace in the Democratic party. My friends are requested to support any honest, upright and honorable Democrat who may come before the convention, and I will do the same at the ballot-box. The legislation which the miners and laborers ask, no honest man would for a moment deny them; and I hope the day is not far distant when protection will be guaranteed to all. Hoping that the convention will nominate a ticket that all true Democrats can support, I am,

Respectfully, JAS. NOON.

JUDGE HALL, of the Bedford and Franklin Judicial District, in the absence of Judge Dean, who was called home by sickness in his family, held court here the latter part of last week; and we are gratified to learn that in the discharge of his Judicial duties, he manifested the requisite qualities of a good Judge—honesty, ability, and firmness, combined with urbanity of manner and energy in the dispatch of his duties—thus proving him a fit substitute for our own worthy and popular Judge. The people of his district are fortunate in having so able and courteous a gentleman as Judge Hall to administer justice and law for them. We hope to have the pleasure of seeing him soon again in our midst, if not in his judicial capacity, at least as a visitor to our mountain town, where he will always receive a hearty welcome and kind reception at the hands of our hospitable citizens.

DEATH OF PATRICK FENLON.—We regret to announce that this gentleman met with a sudden and tragic death, on Saturday last, at Ashtabula, Ohio, on the Fort Wayne railroad, where he had a contract for laying a double track, while endeavoring, it is said, to rescue another man from imminent danger. He was killed by a passing train. Mr. F. resided in Blairsville, to which place his remains were brought, and interred on Tuesday. He was a younger brother of John Fenlon, Esq., of this place, and of Mr. James Fenlon, of Latrobe. Many years ago, when the old Portage Railroad was in existence, he resided in this county and was well known to the citizens of Ebensburg. His character for honesty and integrity was above reproach, and he enjoyed the respect and confidence of all who knew him. He leaves a widow and several children to mourn his untimely death.

RAILROADS.—The great question now is, "What would the great West do without railroads?" but a far more important question is, "What would Ebensburg do without Myers & Lloyd, who supply the people with all kinds of dry goods, fancy goods, notions, and general varieties in their line?" The world might get on without water, but our town couldn't well get along without Myers & Lloyd. Try there—buy there—prices are not high there.

THE apple which Eve presented to Adam is said to have caused Adam to make such a wry face that the whole garden became distorted in appearance, but that alleged fact does not prevent E. J. Mills from selling the cheapest and choicest flour, feed and groceries ever brought to Ebensburg. His flour is just fresh from the *Mills*, which is a great advantage. Call on him for provisions.

—For Loss of Appetite, Dyspepsia, Indigestion Depression of spirits, and General Debility, in their various forms, FERRO-PHOSPHORATED ELIXER OF CALISAYA made by CASWELL, HAZARD & CO., New York, and sold by *all* druggists, is the best tonic. As a stimulant tonic for patients recovering from fever or other sickness, it has no equal. If taken during the season, it prevents fever and ague and other intermittent fevers. [5-16.-1t.)

Local Correspondence.

CHEST SPRINGS, June 16, 1873.

DEAR FREEMAN—The most delightful season of the year—the season during which all mankind are prone to admire and revel in the beauties of nature—having put in an appearance once more, it behooves me to intimate that one of the most delightful spots on the Alleghenies at which to hold pic-nics is Mr. Mathew McMullin's Grove, distant about three miles from this place, on the road leading to Carrolltown. In addition to the splendid grove, there is a fine race-course on the grounds, where owners of fast horses can put their respective equines through their paces in either long or short metre.

There was a pic-nic held in this grove on the 14th inst., at which enjoyment reigned supreme and the best of music was discoursed by Messrs. Moran, Conrad and Donovan, who are certainly deserving of great praise for their pleasing efforts on that occasion.—The racing commenced about 3 p. m., the horses participating being owned by Messrs. Owens, Nagle and Yahner respectively. Mr. Owens' horse came out about forty feet ahead of Nagle's, and Nagle's came out about the same distance in advance of Yahner's. It was a beautiful day, and everything passed off in fine style. The young folks enjoyed themselves in dancing and other invigorating amusements, and the old folks were as merry as the young. All seemed to enjoy themselves hugely.

There is to be another pic-nic on the 4th of July at the same place, when horse racing will again be in order. All wishing to enjoy themselves in a sociable and agreeable manner will find McMullin's Grove the very place to do it to their hearts' content. J.

WILMORE, June 18, 1873.

DEAR FREEMAN—A man whose name I failed to learn was killed by the cars on the Pennsylvania Railroad at this point, on Monday evening of last week.

Our young friend John Hagan, foreman at Blackburn's coal bank, than whom there is no more affable gentleman to be found, has this day put off the weeds of widowhood and taken unto himself a fair and amiable bride in the person of Miss Angeline McLaughlin, of Portage.

Politicians have been humming around quite promiscuously of late. As the fruit of their labors, there will be about three sets of delegates in the field hereaway on Saturday next.

Our friend 'Squire Miller has requested me to state that the prize calf which he petted and caressed all over in former days was recently sold by Mr. Patrick Doran, its late owner, to Mr. Joseph Dashner, of Gallitzin, and when killed it kicked the scales to the tune of 882 pounds, not including the hide, which weighed 114 pounds.

SCRIBO.

LORETTO, June 16, 1873.

DEAR FREEMAN—On Saturday last the Keystone Base Ball Club of Ebensburg came to Loretto to play the Club of St. Francis' College. The match was played on the College grounds and continued for three hours, resulting in a complete victory for the students. The innings stood 35 for the latter and 17 for the Keystones. The students render a public acknowledgment to the impartiality of the umpire, Mr. Fes. Lloyd, of Ebensburg, and return thanks to all the members of the Keystone for their kindness and congeniality, which aided to make the match a pleasing and memorable event. On next Saturday afternoon the College Club will try their skill with the Club of Loretto.

SPECTATOR.

ATTEMPTED RAPE.—The Osceola *Reveille* says: "On Friday night a Mrs. Lansbury, living near Woodland, on the Tyrone and Clearfield Railroad, was attacked by a man in a state of nudity, with his face blacked, who threw her down with the intention of violating her person. The villain would in all probability have accomplished his fiendish purpose, had it not been for the screams of the woman. Her husband was, fortunately, by accident, within hearing distance, and rushed to her relief. At the sound of his approaching footsteps, the scoundrel let go his victim, and run into the woods, but not before his bare legs and face had been lacerated by the nails of the woman in her efforts to release herself. The husband followed the culprit, but soon lost sight of him in the darkness. The woman thought that she recognized in the brute a man named Frank Grey, who is acting in the capacity of flagman on the railroad. A warrant was gotten out for Grey, and placed in the hands of Captain Clark, of the police force at Osceola, who at once proceeded to Woodland, but found that Grey was concealing himself, in anticipation of the warrant. The Captain left a note in the hands of one of Grey's friends, advising him to appear at Clearfield, if he was innocent, and clear himself. Grey acted upon this advice, and on Saturday had a hearing before 'Squire Porter, who had him stripped and examined, and corresponding marks being found upon his face and legs with those described by Mrs. Lansbury as having been made by her nails, and for which he could render no satisfactory explanation, he was committed to court."

TERRIBLE AND FATAL ACCIDENT.—On Sabbath morning last, Mr. Moses Woods, of Plumcreek township, Armstrong county, accompanied by his wife, adopted daughter, and a young man named William Russell, started from home with a two-horse team attached to a spring-wagon, to attend Rev. Porter's church, near Shelocta. In coming down a hill about two miles west of Shelocta, the team took fright and started to run. Mr. Woods jumped from the wagon with the intention of stopping the horses, but fell, the wagon passing over his body, and was so badly injured that his life is despaired of. The team ran down the hill, and in making a short curve in the road, Mrs. Woods and her daughter were thrown out. Mrs. Woods was almost instantly killed, her neck being broken, and her daughter was so severely injured that she is not expected to recover. She has not been conscious since the accident occurred. The young man Russell held on to the team, and succeeded in stopping the horses a short distance from the place where the ladies were thrown out. It is not expected that Mr. Woods and his daughter can recover, their injuries being very severe. This terrible accident has cast a gloom over the entire community. Mr. Woods is a well-known and excellent citizen, and his neighbors and friends are greatly distressed at the sudden and unexpected accident, which will probably result in the death of three of the members of the family.

P. S.—Since writing the above we learn that Mr. Woods died on Monday night, after the most intense suffering. The young girl is not expected to recover.—*Indiana Democrat.*

DEATH IN THE YARD—A FREIGHT BRAKEMAN INSTANTLY KILLED.—Yesterday afternoon, about two o'clock, a young man named Jacob Geib, employed as a brakeman on a freight train running between this city and Conemaugh, was instantly killed at the eastern end of the Railroad Company's yard. At the time he met his sad fate, he was assisting to make up the train on which he was employed, preparatory to leaving the city westward bound, and was on the bumper of a car to which another car was attached. The two cars were being shifted through the yard, and when young Geib attempted to apply the brake to the car on which he was standing, the entire brake-wheel and fixtures gave way, causing him to fall on the bumper, and subsequently roll off on to the track immediately in front of the car, both cars passing over and frightfully mutilating his body and killing him instantly. His face and hands were considerably cut, his left arm broken, both hips crushed, his abdomen cut open and his entrails protruding therefrom. He was immediately picked up and conveyed to the Company's tool-house, at the crossing, and his brothers notified of his death. He was twenty-two years of age, and lived with his mother, about two miles west of the city, on the line of the railroad. His funeral will take place to-morrow from the residence of his brother, Mr. John Geib, at the corner of Seventh avenue and Seventeenth street, east side.—*Altoona Tribune*, 14th.

Letter from Ohio.

CLEVELAND, O., June 16, 1873.

FRIEND MAC.—As you are almost constantly publishing letters from various parts of the country, I hope a few words from this place will prove interesting to some of your readers.

Cleveland, at this season of the year, presents a magnificent appearance. Her broad avenues, finely shaded with trees, from which she derives the name of "Forest City," her finely paved streets, beautiful parks and gardens, together with her pleasant situation on Lake Erie, whose cool, refreshing breezes render the atmosphere pleasant and agreeable, make it one of the most desirable places imaginable, while her situation gives her great commercial advantages.

More vessels are employed in lake navigation this year than ever before. The marine reports show that thirty-one vessels cleared the port of Cleveland on June 11th, while almost as many entered. A great number of vessels are employed in the lumber trade with Michigan, where immense quantities of lumber are cut and shipped to this place. The ore trade with Lake Superior also employs quite a number of vessels, large quantities of the ore being sent East from here by rail. Besides her Lake trade, several important railroads enter this city, principal among which are the Erie, the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern, Cleveland and Pittsburgh, Atlantic and Great Western, Cleveland and Toledo railroads, besides several others of minor impostance. The Union Depot at this place, the largest in the United States, was erected in 1865, at an immense cost.

One of the most pleasing features of Cleveland is Monumental Park. This beautiful park, situated in the centre of the city, derives its name from Perry's monument, built to commemorate Com. Perry's victory on Lake Erie, September 10, 1813. The park is handsomely laid out and adorned with fine shade trees, water-works, parkhouse, etc. Perry's monument stands in the centre of the park. It is about twenty feet square at the base and is surmounted by a statue of Commodore Perry eleven feet high, which is enclosed by a neat iron railing with a lamp at each of the four corners. At the base of the monument is a piece of cannon which was captured from the British on the eventful 18th of September, 1813.

Cleveland has increased rapidly in population within the last five years, her present population being estimated at considerably above 100,000 souls.

Quite an amusing incident occurred on the Woodland avenue street cars a short time ago. Among the passengers was a lady and gentleman who appeared to enjoy each other's society immensely. The gentleman, seeing something *amiss*, slipped his arm around the lady's neck, to arrange some part of her toilet, no doubt, and forgot to remove it. They both conversed very pleasantly meantime, and ever and anon the gent would send a little life down his left arm, and everything was lovely for a little while, until some sport, as he leaped from the rear platform, yelled out, "Don't choke her!" The effect was electrical. The gentleman's face assumed the color of scarlet and the lady gazed intently at the bottom of the car, while the half-suppressed laughter of the passengers told very plainly how well the joke was appreciated.

Wishing the readers of the *Freeman* and its editor a pleasant and agreeable Fourth of July, I remain

Yours, truly, F. P. M.

TRIBUTE OF RESPECT.—At a special meeting of Highland Lodge, No. 428, I. O. O. F., Ebensburg, Pa., held on Monday evening, June 1st, 1873, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted:

Whereas, Almighty God, in His providence, has removed from our midst our beloved Brother, P. G. EDWARD D. EVANS; therefore

Resolved, That in the death of Brother P. G. Evans we deplore the severing of fraternal ties, and recognize in his loss the loss of a valuable member of our beloved order.

Resolved, That the sympathies of this Lodge be tendered our deceased Brother's family in this their sad bereavement; and while they as well as the Lodge mourn his departure, we should humbly bow to Him who doeth all things well.

Resolved, That the charter of our Lodge be draped in mourning, and a copy of these resolutions be sent to the widow of our deceased Brother.

Resolved, That these resolutions be published in the Ebensburg papers.

JAS. B. ZAHM,
HARTMAN BERG, } Committee.
JAS. M. SINGER,

THE SINGER SEWING MACHINE.—We have already noted the fact that Mr. M. L. Brown has located himself in this place as agent for the sale of the renowned and unsurpassable Singer Sewing Machine, an article of domestic utility which every household in the land ought to be possessed of. Out of 610,194 sewing machines, of twenty-five different patterns, sold during the year 1871, the sales of the Singer alone reached the immense number of 181,260—a fact which in itself ought to convince the most incredulous of the intrinsic superiority of this great machine. Mr. Brown is prepared to sell the Singer on terms which will meet the most humble income, and we are sure that no one who buys will ever have reason to regret the investment.

CAPT. JACK, the Modoc chief, is no relation of Capt. Jinks, of the Horse Marines, and neither of them is connected in any way with the immense hardware establishment of Geo. Huntley, High street, Ebensburg, where you can buy mowers, reapers, thrashers, stoves, tinware, iron, nails, woodwork for wagons, and everything necessary for carrying on a successful war against high prices. Let the world still revolve, but go to Huntley's for all you want. He has $20,000 worth to sell.

HE that buys my purse steals trash, but he that buys made-up clothing from S. J. Hess & Bro., Johnstown, gets the genuine stuff, strong, well made, well cut, and well sewed. Hess might have taken the prize at the Vienna Exposition, for cleverness and tact in selling ready-made clothing at No. 141 Main street, Johnstown, but then he didn't want it. He would rather have lots of good fellows from the mountain swoope down on him and buy every man a full suit at honest prices.

HYMENEAL.

HAGAN—McLAUGHLIN.—Married, at St. Bartholomew's church, Wilmore, on Tuesday last, by Rev. Father McHugh, Mr. JOHN HAGAN and Miss ANGELINE MCLAUGHLIN, both of Washington township.

BERLIN—FLANAGAN.—In Johnstown, on Wednesday last, by Rev. A. A. Lindsley, Mr. JOS. H. BERLIN and Miss MINNIE A. FLANAGAN, all of that place.

MCGOUGH—NULL.—At the Catholic church, Loretto, on Tuesday last, by Rev. Father Bush, Mr. D. A. MCGOUGH and Miss JENNIE G. NULL, daughter of Joseph Null, of Allegheny township.

SHANK—FOSTER.—At the residence of the bride's parents, on Tuesday last, by the Rev. J. William Ellis, Mr. ROBERT T. SHANK of Erie, Pa., and Miss MOLLIE D. FOSTER, daughter of Henry Foster, proprietor of the Cambria House in this place.

Kindly, generously, substantially have the happy pair remembered the printer man; and although we are free to say that we have a weakness for such "aid and comfort," it is none the less true that we could and would have wished the newly wedded a long, prosperous and joyful career independent of such an agreeable consideration. The happy bridegroom has taken from our midst one of the handsomest young ladies of which our town could boast, and as she is accomplished in all that tends to make home happy and a wife beloved, having received her training from a careful and affectionate mother, we feel sure that he will find her a wife worthy of his foster-ing care and life-long devotion. In common with her many friends here, we hope the fair young bride may find that she placed her heart and hand in the keeping of one who will prove true to the sacred trust, and that both may realize to the fullest extent those bright anticipations of future happiness which animate and gladden their hearts in the early hours of their wedded felicity. The happy couple departed the same evening on their wedding tour to Niagara Falls and other points of interest, and we trust their trip may be as agreeable and interesting as we hope their future lives will be full of sunshine and free from sorrow or disappointment of any kind.

OBITUARY.

BOYLE.—In Minersville, at 2 o'clock on Sunday afternoon, June 15th, of disease of the lungs, ROBERT BOYLE, aged about 55 years.

MCMORRIS.—Died, at Gallitzin, May 16th, of consumption, Mrs. ANNIE MCMORRIS, wife of Michael McMorris, aged about 27 years.

The deceased, whose maiden name was O'Brien, was born in Londonderry, Ireland, but came to this country when quite a child. She was in the strictest sense of the word a good woman, amiable in her disposition, trustful in her nature, and devout in her religious faith. having been a devoted member of the Catholic Church during life, and as she led a pure and just life, there is every reason to hope that she has been called to a blessed immortality. May she rest in peace.

PARRISH—Died, at Gallitzin, this county, on Wednesday evening, 11th inst., of disease of the heart, George L., son of F. J. and M. J. PARRISH, in the 9th year of his age.

"Georgie" was a bright, intelligent child—the idol of his parents and the beloved of all who knew him. Though young in years, he was wise and good beyond his age, and while we heartily sympathize with his afflicted parents in their great bereavement, we cannot regret that a guileless soul has been translated from this sinful world to the mansions of bliss eternal, there to glorify Him who saw fit to number him among those happy souls whom Christ calls to himself ere they have tasted of the forbidden fruit of sin and death.

The setting sun was sinking, silently, in the west,
The warbling bird was singing on her secluded nest,
All nature seemed cheerful at the closing of the day,
While on a couch, then dying, his form all prostrate lay.

Fond hearts were beating quickly, as the end so dread drew nigh;
His father stood beside him, while his bosom heaved a sigh;
His mother, bowed in sorrow, raised up his drooping head;
Then a cry of anguish utter'd, for her darling George *was dead!*

* * * * * * *

Beyond the starry portals of Heaven's golden gate,
On that lovely even, the angelic choirs did wait.
Then, in the court of Heaven there was joy without restraint,
When the angel guardian entered with his little saint.

J. M.

CANAN.—At the residence of R. H. Canan, Esq., at 2 o'clock this morning, of gastric fever, William H. Canan, in the 38th year of his age.

In the death of Wm. H. Canan, Johnstown has lost one of its quiet and unpretending, but most excellent citizens. He was the second son of Hon. Moses Canan, for many years prominently identified with the Bar of Cambria county. Wm. Canan spent several of his boyhood years in Ebensburg, in the store of his uncle, Silas Moore, at one time owner of a line of stage coaches between Pittsburgh and Philadelphia. Mr. Moore sent William, while yet in his teens, to superintend the business of the stage line in the city of Pittsburgh. Though very young, he managed the important interests committed to him with distinguished success. In 1848 he was compelled to retire for a time from business on account of failing eyesight. He subsequently went to California, by what was then familiarly called the overland route, little dreaming that he would live to see a railroad connecting the Atlantic and Pacific. The hardships of the journey so prostrated him that he remained in San Francisco but three days—a physician there assuring him that his life depended upon an immediate return to the "States." He embarked on a vessel for New Orleans, but when in the Caribbean sea the vessel was wrecked on a desert island. The crew and passengers, numbering sixty-one, remained on the island fourteen days, during which time several of them died. In the year 1851 he came to Johnstown, where he has resided ever since. In the winter of 1862 he was united in marriage with Miss Eliza Lucas, youngest daughter of Mr. David Lucas, one of our oldest and best citizens.

Mr. Canan's eventful life affords ample material for a extended memoir, but it is not our purpose to write it now. It is enough to add here, that for these more than twenty years he has maintained an irreproachable character, and left to his friends that richest of all legacies, a good name. During his illness he spoke of his trust in Christ, and calmly committed all to the care and keeping of his Heavenly Father.

Johnstown Tribune, 16th.

Executor's Notice.

LETTERS TESTAMENTARY on the Estate of MARY O. EVANS, late of Ebensburg borough, Cambria county, deceased, having been granted by the Register of said county to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement. JNO. P. SCANLAN, Executor.

Ebensburg, June 20, 1873.-6t.

Estate Notice.

HAVING obtained Letters of Administration on the estate of JOHN NEASON, late of Clearfield township, Cambria county, dec'd, the undersigned hereby notifies all persons indebted to said estate that payment must be made without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement.

MARIA NEASON, Administratrix,
PATRICK DUNEGAN, Administrator.

Clearfield Twp., June 20, 1873.-6t.*

AUDITOR'S NOTICE!—The undersigned, appointed by the Orphans' Court of Cambria county an Auditor to report distribution of the funds in the hands of Henry Bender and D. A. Luther, Executors of the last will of Emerick Bender, will sit for the purpose of his appointment, at his office in Ebensburg, on FRIDAY, 18TH JULY, 1873, at 1 o'clock, P. M., when and where parties interested may attend if they think proper.

JOSEPH MCDONALD, Auditor.

Ebensburg, June 20, 1873.-3t.

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE.

Estate of JOHN SCHERDON, deceased. Letters of Administration on the estate of JOHN SCHERDON, late of Clearfield township, Cambria county, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned by the Register of said county, all persons knowing themselves indebted to the estate of decedent are requested to make prompt payment, and those having claims against the same will present them properly probated for settlement.

JAMES SCHERDON, Administrator.

Clearfield Twp., June 20, 1873.-6t.*

AUDITOR'S NOTICE!—The undersigned Auditor, appointed by the Orphans' Court of Cambria county to distribute the money in the hands of Paul McKenna, Administrator of the Estate of MARK MCLAUGHLIN, dec'd, as shown by his account filed, hereby notifies all persons interested that he will attend to the duties of said appointment, at his office in Ebensburg, on FRIDAY, 11TH JULY, 1873, at 2 o'clock, P. M., when and where they must present their claims, or be debarred from coming in on said fund.

GEO. W. OATMAN, Auditor.

Ebensburg, June 20, 1873.-3t.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE!—Having been appointed Auditor by

JOSH BILLINGS' PAPERS.

FASHION—FUN—FRET—FURY—FITS—FUSS—FELLOW—FLUNKY—FINIS.

FASHION.

Fashion is a goddess.

She is ov the maskuline, feminine, and nuter gender.

Men worship her in her maskuline form, wimmin in her feminine form, and the excentricks in her nuter gender.

She rules the world with a straw, and makes all her suppliants.

She enslaves the poor az well az the rich; she kneels in sanktuarys, romps in cabins, and leers at the street korners.

She fits man's foot with a pinching boot, throttles him with a stubborn collar, and dies his mustash with darkness.

She trails the ritch silk ov wimmin along the filthy sidewalks, leads sore-eyed lapdogs with a string, and banishes helpless children to murky nurserys, in the kare ov faithless hirelings.

She cheats the excentric with the claptrap ov fredom, and makes him serve her in the habiliments ov the harlequin.

Yea, verily.

FUN.

Fun is the soul's vent.

Fun iz where the kruditys eskape, where she kiks up her heels, and runs snorting around the lot, unhaltered, and az eager as an eskaped konvikt.

Fun iz a safety-valve that lets the steam preshure oph from the biler, and keeps things from bussting.

Fun is the dansing particles, which iz oph from the surface ov unbottled cider, it iz the senseless frolik ov the spring lam in clover, it iz the merry twinkle that kreeps down tew the korner ov the parson's eye to stand in the sunlite, and see what's going on.

Fun iz as a kolt, az happy az a bridegroom, and az sily az a luv-sik skool girl.

Fun iz the holy day wisdum ov the sage, the phools pholly, and every boddy's puppet.

Next to the virtew in this world, the fun in it iz what we kan least spare.

Truly! Oh! truly!

FRET.

Fret iz a kanker, a gangreno, a blister, a bile, salt on a sore place, and a sliver everywhere.

Fret iz a frickshun, a dull lancet, a gimblet.

Fret makes a yung man ackt like an old man, and an old man ackt like a yung one.

Fret iz a grind stun, whare he holds hiz noze on and haz tew do hiz own turning.

Fret haz burnt more holes thru a man's koppers than all the other hot things; it haz killed az often az the doktors hav, and iz az lawless and senseless az a goose.

Fret makes the husband a tyrant, the wife a plague, the child a nuisance, an old maid a scold, and a batchelor disgusting.

Fret makes home a prizon, and puts teeth into the gums ov all life's sweet tunes.

I bet! thoze who [illegible] he, she or it bets!

FURY.

Fury iz the tornado ov the inner man, a thunder shower, a blak klond phull ov lightning; a tiger out ov his kage, a maniak armed, a bull in fli time.

Fury knows no law only its strength; like a rocket, it whizzes till it busts, and when it haz bust, like a rocket, it iz but a senseless and burnt reed.

Fury iz the argument ov tyrants, and the rovenge of the embecile, the courage of the kat, and the glowing embers ov dispair.

Fury makes the hornet respektable, and the pissmire a laffing stock; it makes the eagle allmost human, and clothes the little wren, battling for her brood, with a halo sublime.

Indeed! indeed!

FITS!

Fits are the moral tumblings ov man's natur, the bak summersets ov hiz disposishun, the flying trapeze ov the kritter himself.

Fits prompt him to klimb a great pole, tew fite a windmill at short range, to go too near a mule's heels, and to make a kussed phool ov himself generally.

Fits taketh a man bi the end ov hiz noze and leadeth him into bak lots.

Fits have no conshience, and no judgment.

Fits jerk a man from the path ov duty, they knok him krazy at noontime, they seize him at twilite, and twist him arly in the morning.

Sum men, and sum wimmin, are good only in fits, and bad only in fits; when they haint got a fit they are unfit for ennything.

Yes, I think so.

FUSS.

Fuss is like an old setting hen when she cums oph from her nest.

Fuss iz like kold water dropt into hot grease—it sputters, and sputters, and then sputters again.

Fuss is half sister to hurry, and neither ov them kant do ennything without getting in their own way and stepping on themselfs.

There iz more fuss in this world than there iz hurry, and there iz a thousand times more ov either ov them than there iz ov dispatch.

Fuss works hard all day and don't do ennything, goes to bed tired at night, then gits up next morning, and begins next morning where she left oph.

Oh, dear! Why iz this suteh?

FELLOW.

A fellow iz like a bottle of ginger pop that haz stood six hours with the kork out in a warm room—it ain't ginger nor it ain't pop.

A fellow iz a hybrid; he ain't got eny more karakter than a drizzly day haz; he iz every boddy's cuzzin, and hangs around like a lost dog.

He is often clever, and that is just what ruins him. A clever fellow iz wuss oph than a mulatto.

I am sorry for this—I am aktually sad.

FLUNKY.

Flunkeys are just abuv loafers, and just belo fellows.

They ain't maskuline, feminine, nor nuter—they are just human dough.

They hav the curnage ov a spring chicken, the ferocity ov a kricket, the combativeness ov a grasshopper, and the bakbone ov an angleworm.

They are human dough, made to order, and baked az ya choose.

Ain't it orful?

FINIS.

Finis iz the end ov all things—the happyest place is the whole job.

All things on arth hav an end to them, and I kant think ov but phew things now that ain't got two.

A ladder haz two ends to it, and the surest way tew get to the top of it iz tew begin at the bottom.

Finis iz the best and only friend that menny a man in this world ever haz, and sum day Finis will be the autokrat ov the universe.

Bully for you, Finis.

THE season for taking down stoves is here. A church-going man in Bridgeport, believing that the winter was over, took down his stove last week. His wife assisted. As it was necessary to carry it up a flight of stairs, the husband went first and his wife took the rear hold and followed. The man thought this was an admirable arrangement, for in case the stove slipped and journeyed down stairs, his wife might possibly get her neck broken, and he would be left to get a new mother for his children. But he was disappointed. The noble woman struggled bravely with her end of the stove, and didn't have to bend her back a bit, whilst her considerate husband was bent nearly double all the time, and just as the last joint in his spinal column was about to snap, his wife crowded him a little and he put his end down on his best toe, and yelled. Then the woman, excitedly, lifted her end as high as she could, throwing about fourteen more tons on his toe. Then he yelled louder and swore. And before that stove was put away, that church-going man was set back at least ten years in his religion.—*Norristown Herald and Free Press.*

JOHNSTOWN FURNITURE EMPORIUM.

WM. P. PATTON,

Manufacturer and Dealer in

—ALL KINDS OF—

CABINET FURNITURE

Nos. 150 and 152 Linton Street,

JOHNSTOWN, PA.

Bureaus,	Cane Chairs,
Bedsteads,	Wood Seat Chairs,
Washstands,	Kitchen Furniture,
Sideboards,	Bed Lounges,
Chamber Sets,	Mattresses,
Parlor Sets,	Tete-a-Tetes,
Wardrobes,	Extension Tables,
Book Cases,	Dining Tables,
Lounges,	Cupboards.

&c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF

SCHOOL AND HALL FURNITURE

made to order in excellent style and at low prices. Cabinet and hairmakers' materials of all kinds for sale. Furniture delivered at any point in Johnstown or at Railroad Station free of extra charge. WM. P. PATTON.

Johnstown, Oct. 13, 1870.-tf.

LOOK SHARP AT THIS!

136. THE ONLY CATHOLIC 136.

BOOK & PERIODICAL STORE

IN CAMBRIA COUNTY.

M. P. MEAGHER, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in STANDARD CATHOLIC WORKS of all kind, PRAYER BOOKS, BIBLES, HISTORICAL and CONTROVERSIAL WORKS, PERIODICALS, PICTURES, FRAMES, &c., &c., 136 Franklin Street, Johnstown, Pa. Will sell every article at Baltimore or Philadelphia prices. *A liberal discount allowed to the Rev. Clergy, Libraries, or those buying in large lots.* Books bound and Pictures framed at the lowest possible prices. All the Eastern Weekly Papers for sale.

136. Franklin Street, Johnstown. 136.

THE BIGGEST SHIP AFLOAT!

PERSONS going to or coming from the Old Country ought to buy their tickets from M. P. MEAGHER, Agent for the celebrated National Line of Steamers to and from Europe. This Line is remarkable for comfort, speed and safety. Drafts for £1 and upwards sold at the lowest current rates. For further particulars call at MEAGHER'S BOOK STORE, 136 Franklin street, Johnstown, Pa. [June 22, 1872.-tf.]

Parke's Marble Works,

139 Franklin Street, Johnstown.

MONUMENTS, HEAD and TOMB STONES, COUNTER and CABINET SLABS, MANTELS, &c., manufactured of the very best Italian and American Marbles. Entire satisfaction guaranteed in price, design and execution of work.

☞ Orders respectfully solicited and promptly filled at the very lowest cash rates. Try us.

Oct. 24.-tf.* JOHN PARKE.

LOGAN'S MARBLE WORKS!

131 Franklin Street, Johnstown.

JOHN W. LOGAN, - Proprietor.

MONUMENTS, HEAD and TOMB STONES, COUNTER AND CABINET SLABS, AND TELS. &c., manufactured of the very best Italian and American Marbles. Perfect satisfaction in work, design and price guaranteed.

☞ Orders respectfully solicited and promptly executed. [Johnstown, Nov. 11, '71.-tf.]

LOOK HERE!

THE undersigned desires to inform the citizens of Chest Springs and vicinity that he has this day bought from Jas. A. Littlefield his BLACKSMITH SHOP, Stock and Tools, and will carry on the business in all its branches. Special attention paid to Horse Shoeing. The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited and satisfaction guaranteed.

☞ Grain taken in exchange for work.

WM. H. JONES.

Chest Springs, April 5, 1873.-3m. [11-6m.]

F. P. TIERNEY..... JAMES NULL.

LAW AND COLLECTION OFFICE

—OF—

TIERNEY & NULL,

Colonnade Row, Ebensburg, Pa.

☞ Special attention paid to collections in all parts of the United States. [2-18-'71.-tf.]

FIRST NATIONAL SADDLE AND HARNESS SHOP OF CAMBRIA COUNTY, High street, (opposite Union School House,) West Ward, Ebensburg.—M. O'NEILL & Co., Proprietors. *Saddles* and *Harness* made and repaired and all other work in my line executed in the best manner, on the shortest notice, and at the most reasonable rates. [1-12.-tf.]

MILLINERY & DRESS MAKING.—The attention of the Ladies of Ebensburg and vicinity is directed to the fact that MRS. R. E. JONES has just received an invoice of new and fashionable Millinery Goods, at her rooms, in the East Ward, Ebensburg, Wedding Bonnets, Hats, etc., a specialty. Dressmaking done. The patronage of the public is respectfully solic unetly.]

COAL! COAL!!—The subscriber is now prepared to furnish, in large or small quantities, all qualities of ANTHRACITE and BITUMINOUS COAL, at lowest market rates. Coal delivered promptly and free of charge for hauling at any point in Ebensburg or vicinity. Orders left at the ZAHM STORE will receive due attention. DANIEL H. ZAHM.

M. J. BUCK, M. D.,

Physician and Surgeon,

CARROLLTOWN, PA.

Office in rear of John Buck's store. Night calls may be made the residence of JOHN BUCK, Esq. [April 4, 1873.-tf.]

JAMES J. OATMAN, M. D.,

Physician and Surgeon,

EBENSBURG, PA.

Office on High street, nearly opposite Blair's Hotel. Residence on Crawford St., West Ward, where night calls should be made. [4-4.-tf.]

GEO. M. READE, *Attorney-at-Law*, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in new building recently erected on Centre street, two doors from High street. [aug.27.]

DANIEL McLAUGHLIN, *Attorney-at-Law*, Johnstown, Pa. Office in the old Exchange building, (up-stairs,) corner of Clinton and Locust streets. Will attend to all business connected with his profession.

T. W. DICK, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in front room of T. J. Lloyd's new building, Centre street. All manner of legal business attended to satisfactorily, and collections a specialty. [10-14.-tf.]

F. A. SHOEMAKER..... WM. H. SECHLER.

SHOEMAKER & SECHLER

Attorneys-at-Law,

[9-26.] EBENSBURG, CAMBRIA CO., PA. [tf.

THE

NEW DISCOVERY

In Chemical and Medical Science.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Cure Incipient Consumption.
Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Cure Catarrh.
Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Cure Asthma.
Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Cure Heart Disease.
Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Cure Skin Diseases.
Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Regulate the Liver.
Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Regulate the Stomach and Bowels
Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Cure all Female Weaknesses.
Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Purify the Blood.
Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Cure Diseases of the Throat.
Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Cure Bronchitis.
Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Cure "Rose Cold," or "Hay Fever"
Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Cure Lung Diseases.
Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Cure Constipation.
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Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Prevent Cholera & Yellow Fever
Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Prevent Malarious Fevers.
Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Remove Pain in the Breast.
Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Remove Pain in the Side or Back.
Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Are a Superior Tonic.
Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Restore the Appetite.
Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Cause the Food to Digest.
Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES restore the Weak and Debilitated
Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Give Tone to Your System.

L. F. HYDE & CO.,

SOLE PROPRIETORS,

195 Seventh Ave., New York.

LOOK WELL TO YOUR UNDERSTANDINGS.

JOHN D. THOMAS,

Boot and Shoe Maker

THE undersigned respectfully informs his numerous customers and the public generally that he is prepared to manufacture BOOTS and SHOES to order in a superior style, from the finest French calf-skin boots to the coarsest brogans, in the VERY BEST MANNER, on the shortest notice, and at as moderate prices as like work can be obtained anywhere.

Those who have worn Boots and Shoes made at my establishment need no assurance as to the superior quality of my work. Others can easily be convinced of the fact if they will only give me a trial. Try and be convinced.

☞ Repairing of Boots and Shoes attended to promptly and in a workmanlike manner.

Thankful for past favors I feel confident that my work and prices will commend me to a continuance and increase of the same.

JOHN D. THOMAS.

CARRIAGE MANUFACTORY!

SAMPLE STREET,

Near Union School House, Ebensburg.

THE subscriber desires to call the attention of the citizens of Cambria and adjoining counties to the fact that he has now in successful operation in Ebensburg a Shop for the manufacture and repair of

CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, SULKIES,

Spring Wagons, Sleighs,

And all other description of Work in that line.

Employing none but skillful workmen and using only the best materials, I feel confident I can give entire satisfaction in work, styles and prices.

Painting work done at short notice. Repairing of all kind attended to at reasonable rates.

A Blacksmith Shop in connection with Manufactory. Call and see specimens of work.

June 22, 1872.-tf. D. M. CHUTE.

Murray & Dunn,

PROPRIETORS OF

PHŒNIX FOUNDRY AND STOVE WORKS,

HOLLIDAYSBURG, PA.

HAVING purchased the establishment lately known as Enterprise Foundry, we are now prepared to manufacture

LIGHT CASTINGS

of every description.

The Various Styles of Stoves

manufactured at our establishment are in all respects equal to any in the market.

Steam Engines and all kind of Machinery

promptly and satisfactorily repaired.

☞ All our work is warranted to be exactly what it is represented. [Aug. 30.-tf.]

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR

AMERICAN BONELESS SARDINES.

They have received Diploma for their merit wherever exhibited. Pronounced by all, the cheapest luxury of the age, valuable, and almost necessary to the table, to travelers, or at pic-nics. Packed in the best Olive oil of our own importation, in tin boxes finished same as the imported; and are sold at less than half the cost of French Sardines. Their delicious flavor and nutritious qualities recommend them to all classes. Sold by all first class grocers.

Wholesale by

THE AMEAICAN SARDINE CO.,

April 4, 1873.-3m. 31 Broad St., N. Y.

STILL UP AND AT IT!

CABINET MAKING AND UNDERTAKING.

Thankful for past liberal favors, the subscriber desires to inform the people of Ebensburg and vicinity that he is still carrying on the business above named in all its branches, on High street, nearly opposite the Public School House. Substantially made Furniture of all kind sold at lowest figures. Coffins of any desirable size or finish furnished on short notice, and funerals attended to promptly and satisfactorily.

ROBERT EVANS.

Ebensburg, March 21, 1873.-6m.

GALLITZIN HOTEL,

GALLITZIN STATION, PA. R. R.

Having just purchased, refitted and refurnished this well known and commodious Hotel, the subscriber is fully prepared to accommodate all who may favor him with their patronage, and especially invites the attention of his friends in Cambria and Blair counties to this fact. Neither expense or pains will be spared to make all feel at home who sojourn with me. THOS. MORGART.

Gallitzin, April 4, 1872.-tf. P. FITZGERRIS, Proprietor.

THE TRAMP.

All ragged, and seedy, and dirty,
His pockets with "nary a stamp,"
All hungry, and bloated, and thirsty,
Comes the same old unfortunate "tramp."

He came to our office this morning,
Unshaven, unkempt, and dead-beat,
His elbows all out of his coat sleeves,
And his boots showing half of his feet.

A detestible stench came in with him,
And his face was all shorn of its joy;
His hide was chock full of bad whisky,
Poor, besotted, clean "busted," old boy.

He said he had walked a long distance,
And was tired, and hungry, and sore;
He admitted that he drank heaps of whisky;
And must raise a few stamps to buy more.

He had once held a good situation,
And made "lots of money," he said;
But he squandered a pile on poor whisky,
And wasted a little on bread.

One day he got out with the foreman,
And had to get out of the camp;
So he took the war-path of promise,
And started off on a tramp.

As usual, we gave him a dollar,
Opened the door, and told him to "git,"
And we hope never more to see him,
Unless in some good steady "sit."

A Few Friendly Hints.

If you are introduced to a stranger by a friend, and he retains his hold on your hand, expressing great delight in having the honor of your acquaintance, be sure he doesn't care a fig for you or your acquaintance.

When you hear a man declare that he is the wisest in his line of business, set him down as the weakest, and all thinking men will approve your decision.

When you hear an editor call his brother editor an ignoramus, be sure he has applied the epithet to the wrong man.

When you hear a man relate a story that has the appearance of truth, and close with an oath, set it down as doubtful.

When you hear a man boast of his piety, go to a different church than the one he attends.

When you hear a man boldly declare that there is not an honest man to be found, lend him a mirror.

When you hear a man justify profane swearing on the ground of habit, don't make him your agent in business.

If you think of forming a partnership with a man of whom you know but little, invite him (before signing papers) to take a walk of ten squares and back, and if he elbows you into the gutter, or runs you against the walls of the buildings, be sure and take time to consider the matter.

If your clerk and salesman is civil and polite, avoiding all that is vulgar or profane, while engaged in his duties, but is found in the saloon as vulgar and profane as the most abandoned, keep your money under lock and key, and have all bills on tickets to the cashier.

If the young man you employ thinks more of his cigar and a hot toddy enjoyed with boon companions, than of acquiring knowledge, don't trust him too far.

If a man tells you he does all his business on conscientious principles, don't put him to the test.

'TWAS A PIECE OF MY MOTHER'S DRESS.—We heard a story told the other day that made our eyes moisten. We have determined to tell it, just as we heard it, to our little ones:

"A company of poor children, who had been gathered out of the alleys and garrets of the city, were preparing for their departure to new and distant homes in the West. Just before the time for the starting of the cars, one of the boys were noticed aside from the others, and apparently very busy with a cast-off garment.

The superintendent stepped up to him and found that he was cutting a small piece out of the patched lining. It proved to be his old jacket, which, having been replaced by a new one, had been thrown away. There was no time to be lost. "Come, John, come!" said the superintendent, "what are you going to do with that old piece of calico?"

"Please, sir," said John, "I am cutting it to take with me. My dear dead mother put the lining into this old jacket for me. This was a piece of her dress, *and it is all I shall have to remember her by.*" And as the poor boy thought of that dear mother's love, and of the sad death bed scene in the old garret where she died, he covered his face with his hands, and sobbed as if his heart would break.

But the train was about leaving, and John thrust the little piece of calico into his bosom, "to remember his mother by," hurried into the car, and was soon far away from the place where he had seen so much sorrow.

We know many an eye will moisten as this story is told and retold throughout the country, and many a prayer will go up to God for the fatherless and motherless in all great cities and in all places.

Little readers, are your mothers still spared to you? Will you not show your love by cheerful obedience? That little boy who loved so well, we are sure, obeyed.

Bear this in mind, that if you should one day have to look upon the face of a "dear *dead* mother," no thought would be so bitter as to remember that you had given her pain by your willfulness or disobedience.

QUEER FACTS.—A curious story is told of a clergyman, that he always fainted when he heard a certain verse in Jeremiah. Zimmerman tells us of a lady who could not endure the feeling of silk or satin, and shuddered when touching the velvetly skin of the peach. Mr. Julian Young tells the story of an officer who could not endure the sound of a drum, and ultimately fell dead when compelled to hear it. There are whole families who entertain a horror of cheese; on the other hand, there was a physician, Dr. Starke, of Edinburg, who lost his wife by subsisting almost entirely upon it. Some people have been unable to take mutton, even when administered in the microscopic form of pills. There is the case of a man falling down at the smell of mutton as bereaved of life and in strong convulsions. Sir James Eyre, in his well-known little book, mentions three curious cases of idiosyncrasy; the case of a gentleman who could not eat a single strawberry with impunity; the case of another whose head would become frightfully swollen if he touched the smallest particle of a hare; the case of a third who would inevitably have an attack of gout a few hours after eating fish.

RECENTLY a young man, who was attending night writing-school, near Danville, Indiana, was smitten by the charms of a lady who was present, and at the close of the school bustled forward to solicit the pleasure of escorting her home. "Yes," said the lady, "if you will carry my boy." He wilted, and the young matron walked home alone.

"YOUR children may never have wealth," observed a neighboring clergyman to his congregation, "but when they grow up, it will be something for them to boast that their fathers were not members of the Forty-second Congress."

Has been before the American public OVER THIRTY years. It has never yet failed to give perfect satisfaction, and has justly been styled the panacea for all external Wounds, Cuts, Burns, Swellings, Sprains, Bruises, &c., &c., for Man and Beast. No family should be a single day without this Liniment. The money refunded unless the Liniment is as represented. Be sure and get the genuine MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT. Sold by all Druggists and Country Stores, at 25c., 50c. and $1.00 per Bottle. Notice [illegible]

AGENTS WANTED FOR THE

GREAT INDUSTRIES

OF THE UNITED STATES.

1300 PAGES AND 500 ENGRAVINGS PRINTED IN ENGLISH AND GERMAN. WRITTEN BY 20 EMINENT AUTHORS, INCLUDING JOHN B. GOUGH, HON. LEON CASE, EDWARD HOWLAND, REV. E. EDWIN HALL, PHILIP HILEY, ALBERT BRISBANE, HORACE GREELEY, F. B. PERKINS, ETC., ETC.

This work is a complete history of all branches of industry, processes of manufacture, etc., in all ages. It is a complete encyclopedia of arts and manufactures, and is the most entertaining and valuable work of information on subjects of general interest ever offered to the public. It is adapted to the wants of the Merchant, Artizan, Mechanic, Farmer, Student and Inventor, and sells to both old and young of all classes. The book is sold by agents, who are making large sales in all parts of the country. It is offered at the low price of $3 50, and is the cheapest book ever sold by subscription. No family should be without a copy. We want agents in every town in the United States, and no Agent can fail to do well with this book. Our terms are liberal. We give our agents the exclusive right of territory. One of our agents sold 138 copies in eight days, another sold 363 in two weeks. Our agent in Hartford sold 307 in one week. Specimens of the work sent to agents on receipt of stamp. For circulars and terms to agents address the publishers. J. B. BURR & HYDE,

Hartford, Conn., or Chicago, Ill.

NEXT DOOR TO POST-OFFICE.

Cooking Stoves,

Heating Stoves.

TIN, COPPER & SHEET-IRON WARE

Having recently taken possession of the newly fitted up and commodious building on High street, two doors east of the Bank and nearly opposite the Mountain House, the subscriber is better prepared than ever to manufacture all articles in the TIN, COPPER and SHEET-IRON WARE line, all of which will be furnished to buyers at the very lowest living prices.

The subscriber also proposes to keep a full and varied assortment of

Cooking, Parlor and Heating Stoves

of the most approved designs.

☞ SPOUTING and ROOFING made to order and warranted perfect in manufacture and material. REPAIRING promptly attended to.

All work done by me will be done right and on fair terms, and all STOVES and WARE sold by me can be depended upon as to quality and cannot be undersold in price. A continuance and increase of patronage is respectfully solicited, and no effort will be wanting to render entire satisfaction to all.

VALLIE LUTRINGER.

Ebensburg, Oct. 13, 1870.-tf.

EBENSBURG

BOOK, DRUG and VARIETY STORE.

HAVING recently enlarged our stock we are now prepared to sell at a great reduction from former prices. Our stock consists of Drugs, Medicines, Perfumery, Fancy Soaps, Jeons, Hallo and Allen's Hair Restoratives, Pills, Ointments, Plasters, Liniments, Pain Killers, Citrate Magnesia, Ess. Jamaica Ginger, Pure Flavoring Extracts, Essences, Lemon Syrup, Soothing Syrup, Spiced Syrup, Rhubarb, Pure Spices, &c.

Cigars and Tobaccos,

Blank Books, Deeds, Notes and Bonds; Cap, Post, Commercial and all kinds of Note Paper; Envelopes, Pens, Pencils, Arnold's Writing Fluid, Black and Red Ink, Pocket and Pass Books, Magazines, Newspapers, Novels, Histories, Bibles, Religious, Prayer and Toy Books, Penknives, Pipes, &c.

☞ We have added to our stock a lot of FINE JEWELRY, to which we would invite the attention of the Ladies.

PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS at lower prices than ever offered in this place.

Paper and Cigars sold either wholesale or retail. LEMMON & MURRAY,

July 30, 1868. Main Street, Ebensburg.

Moses, Andrew

CLOTHIER & TAILOR,

DRAPER & TAILOR,

CLINTON STREET,

JOHNSTOWN, PA.

CASEY, FOGARTY, & CO.,

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

MONONGAHELA & OLD RYE WHISKY,

AND ALL KINDS OF

DOMESTIC LIQUORS,

AND IMPORTERS OF

Foreign Wines, Gins, Brandies, &c.,

No. 315 Liberty Street,

Dec. 6, 1871.-3m. PITTSBURGH, PA.

EBENSBURG

WOOLEN FACTORY!

HAVING introduced new machinery into our woolen factory, we are now prepared to manufacture on short notice, CLOTHS, CASSINETS, BLANKETS, FLANNELS of all styles STOCKING YARNS, &c., &c.

☞ Wool taken in exchange for goods or worked on shares. Market price paid for wool.

T. M. JONES & SONS.

Ebensburg, Feb. 24, 1872.-tf.

COLLINS, JOHNSTON & CO.,

BANKERS,

Ebensburg, Pa.

WILL receive money on deposit, discount and collect notes, and attend to all the business usually done by Bankers.

Sept. 20, 11. GEO. C. K. ZAHM Cashier.

LLOYD & CO., BANKERS,

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☞ Gold, Silver, Government Loans, and other Securities, bought and sold. Interest allowed on Time Deposits. Collections made at all accessible points in the United States, and a general Banking business transacted.

WM. M. LLOYD & CO.,

BANKERS, ALTOONA, PA.

Drafts on the principal cities and Silver and Gold for sale. Collections made. Monies received on deposit, payable on demand without interest, or on time with interest at fair rates.

JOHN P. LINTON, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW Johnstown, Pa. Office in building southwest corner of Main and Franklin streets, up-stairs. Entrance on Franklin street.

HAGAN'S

Magnolia Balm

A FEW APPLICATIONS MAKE A

Pure Blooming Complexion.

It is Purely Vegetable, and its operation is seen and felt at once. It does away with the Flushed Appearance caused by Heat, Fatigue, and Excitement. Heals and removes all Blotches, Pimples, dispelling dark and unsightly spots. Drives away Tan, Freckles, and Sunburn, and by its gentle but powerful influence mantles the faded cheek with

YOUTHFUL BLOOM AND BEAUTY.

Sold by all Druggists and Fancy Stores. Depot, 53 Park Place, New York.

UTICA

STEAM ENGINE

CO.

(FORMERLY WOOD & MANN.)

STATIONARY & PORTABLE

Steam Engines.

The Best & Most Complete Assortment in the Market.

These Engines have always maintained the very highest standard of excellence. We make the manufacture of Engines, Boilers and Saw Mills a specialty. We have the largest and most complete works of the kind in the country, with machinery specially adapted to the work.

We keep constantly in process large numbers of Engines, which we furnish at the very lowest prices and on the shortest notice. We build Engines specially adapted to Mines, Saw Mills, Grist Mills, Tanneries, Cotton Gins, Thrashers and all classes of manufacturing.

We are now building the celebrated Lane Circular Saw Mill, the best and most complete saw mill ever invented.

We make the manufacture of Saw Mill outfits a special feature of our business, and can furnish complete on the shortest notice.

Our aim in all cases is to furnish the best machinery in the market, and work absolutely unequaled for beauty of design, economy and strength. Send for Circular and Price List.

UTICA STEAM ENGINE CO.

UTICA, N. Y.

GIVEN AWAY.

A Fine German Chromo.

We send an Elegant Chromo, Mounted and Ready for Framing, Free to Every Agent.

Agents Wanted for

UNDERGROUND!

—OR,—

LIFE BELOW THE SURFACE.

BY THOS. W. KNOX.

942 Pages Octavo. 130 Fine Engravings.

Relates Incidents and Accidents beyond the Light of Day; Startling Adventures in all parts of the World; Mines and Modes of Working them; Undercurrents of Society; Gambling and its Horrors; Caverns and their Mysteries; The Dark Ways of Wickedness; Prisons and their Secrets; Down in the Depths of the Sea; Strange Stories of the Detection of Crime. The book treats of experience with brigands; nights in opium dens and gambling hells; life on prison; stories of exiles; adventures among Indians; journeys through sewers and catacombs; accidents in mines; pirates and piracy; tortures of the inquisition; wonderful burglaries; underworld of the great cities, &c., etc.

We want agents for this work, on which we give exclusive territory. Agents can make $100 a week in selling this book. Send for circulars and special terms to agents.

J. B. BURR & HYDE,

Hartford, Conn., or Chicago, Ill.

WANTED, Agents and Peddlers for our PRESS AND STRAINER—Presses and strains jams, jellies, herbs, vegetables, lard, tallow, sugars, cheese, etc. Over 60,000 sold in a few localities. Sells quick. Every family wants it. Saving, Washing and other ables. Circulars free. Littlefield & Dame, 102 Washington Street, Boston, Mass. [2 11.-3t.]

USELESS WOMEN.

It is an unfailing theme—old as mankind—the fault of woman [illegible]

No doubt Adam leaned on [illegible] when there was nothing to be done [illegible] dening, and perhaps he had some [illegible] complaint, for every intelligent [illegible] admit that he was sadly taken in [illegible] metamorphosed rib of his.

Now-a-days wherever you go you [illegible] the same doleful story.

Young men are afraid to marry because the young women are so useless, [illegible] are fit for is to dress up like dolls, [illegible] in the parlor and thrum the [illegible]

Well, who is to blame?

Not the young ladies themselves, assuredly.

Somebody says it is their mothers, we don't think so.

Don't everybody know that the young men of the present day want their young men to be useless? Don't they want them to dress up and sit in the parlor? Don't they praise their unsunned forehead, their lily hands, and admire the [illegible] their silken trails, and the glitter of their jewelry?

The pretty talk we hear sometimes about girls helping their mothers in the kitchen is beautiful on paper, but who expects anything of the kind from a young lady?

Baking bread, and coddling [illegible] and sweeping, and making beds are conducive to white hands and [illegible] complexions; and when it comes to washing clothes and scrubbing floors—why, gracious! that is all.

Young men never go into kitchens with their darlings make pies and [illegible] stoves—anywhere out of novels; they want to, and the girls don't want them to. They all know that Maggie looks [illegible] scullion without her powder; and that her face is not becoming; and [illegible] steam will take her hair out of curl; strawberries and peaches, however [illegible] ous they may be to the palate, [illegible] fingers' ends in hopeless mourning.

No; the young man of the present day when he calls on a young lady, expects to sit in the softest corner of the sofa, and [illegible] gie is expected to be dressed like [illegible] the last fashion plates with at least [illegible] ruffles on her dress, and a bustle as large as Sallie's, or Jennie's, or Anne's, or [illegible] she isn't stylish.

You just listen a moment to the conversation of our young men as they [illegible] their cigars in front of their clubs, and watch the ladies pass by.

"There goes Miss B. Dead [illegible] looking girl; grooms her hair with [illegible] in elegant taste; plays a tip-top game of euchre, too."

"There comes Miss C. Drab as to color; striking costume; got a large foot, and not afraid to show it. By Jove, a fellow needn't be ashamed to be seen with such a stylish looking woman."

When little Miss D. passes in a plain dress with nobody's dimensions but her own, and a hat *built* a year in the fashion, all the "fellows" stare, and make remarks about one's grandmother, and Noah's Ark, and wonder [illegible] —isn't after her. Not one of them thinks anything about the fact that she is a sensible woman, and has spent her life in the kitchen cooking and mending for her father and half a dozen young brothers and sisters. Oh, no. And yet men are all the time crying out that they want sensible women for wives.

Why don't they get them, then?

The sensible girls of this generation are mostly be old maids, because nobody cares for the girls who giggle the most, flirt the most, dashing, who sport the most false hair, and who pad the most atrociously. And [illegible] it has been so long since a real woman was made, God made her, has been in fashion so long, that no doubt if the men of to-day would look for her, and see what specimen she belonged if they would suddenly behold her.

Gentlemen say: "Oh, ladies should dress with more simplicity!" and then quote Paul, etc.

Suppose you try the sweet simplicity dodge, young ladies, and go to a [illegible] party in the traditional scant skirt of muslin with blue ribbons, and [illegible] *au natural.*

You will have the pleasure of being a wall flower to the end of the chapter.

If anybody thinks dress is of consequence, just let her get into a rain storm with a faded calico gown, and an old bonnet, and a last year's bonnet on, all the men will be reading newspapers. They are very deeply absorbed. The paper to-day will be particularly interesting. The Mobilier or the last murder trial is especially fascinating. They will not see the end of the seat next the aisle, never see you. You may stand there with your arms full of packages, and shift from one foot to the other, and stagger back on their backs at every lurch of the car, until the crack of doom, before one of these gentlemen, who are eyeing your plainly dressed women, will give you a seat.

Next day you just go and dress in your new spring silk, with its flounces, and flounces, and your stylish Dolman, your charming Paris hat, and your delicate gloves, and halt a dozen gentlemen will forget that a newspaper ever existed, insist that they greatly prefer standing to sitting.

Don't we know? Haven't we seen? Gentlemen, reform yourselves! If you really desire women to be sensible, to [illegible] age them to be so. Have courage to be polite to ladies who are not dressed in the height of fashion. Don't be forever talking about style. Show the ladies by your conduct that you want them sensible and [illegible] minded, and useful, and you will make them so, for they will do anything to please you.

A MAN who had his new hat [illegible] for an old one in a barber's shop [illegible] tises that unless it is returned [illegible] ward to the wife of the person [illegible] the latter found exactly the [illegible] the old one.